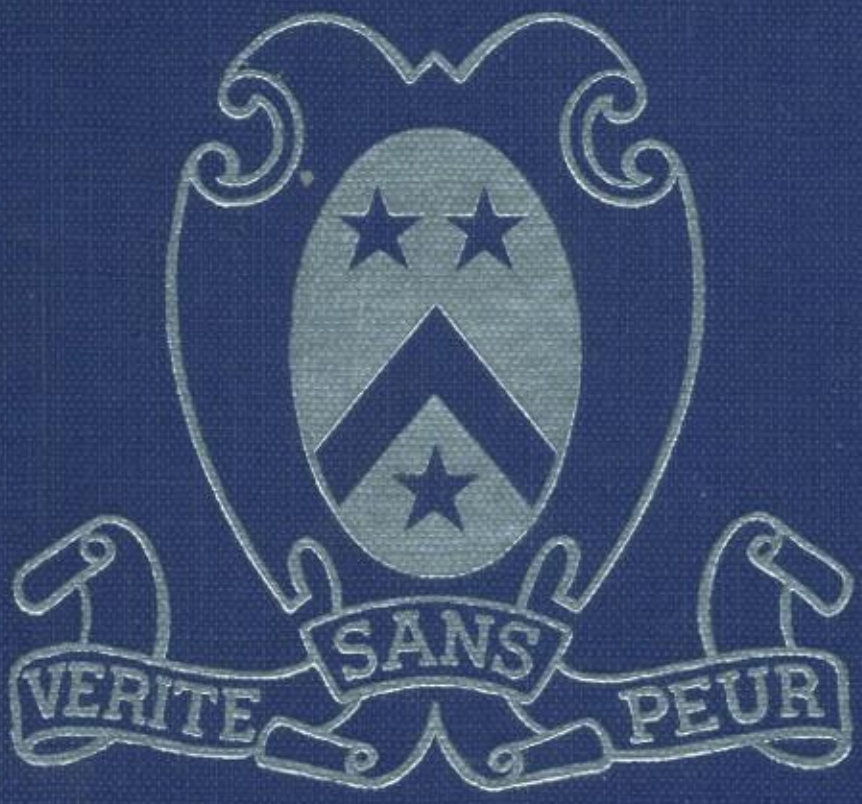
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Lowell Bean

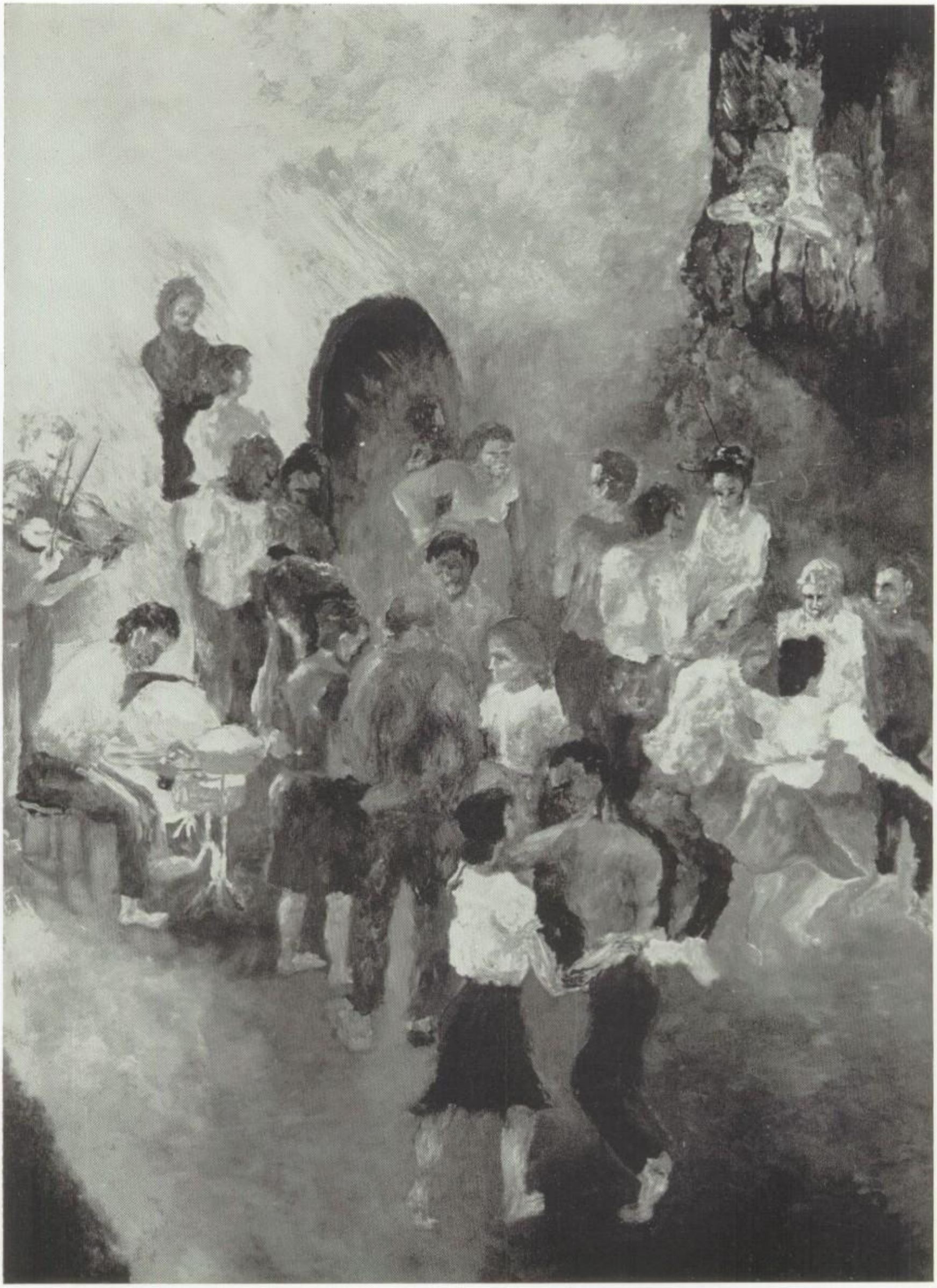
THE STEWARD

St. Timothy's School

June, 1960

VOL. VI

No. 2



THE STEWARD

St. Timothy's School Stevenson, Md.

Vol. VI JUNE, 1960 No. 2

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With gratitude and affection we dedicate
our yearbook to you,
Whose lively interest in us has spread
beyond the laboratory,
Whose appreciation of reality we have
learned to share unsqueamishly,
Whose integrity has inspired us to
live generously,

JEANNE CARRITT

CLASS POEM

In the fluted light
of the garden,
we found tangled paths,
winding in and out,
of lilies and cockleshells.
In the flux of day upon day,
we laughed and peered
among the flowers
and told stories
of beautiful things.

One apple green day
our footsteps fluttered
to the farthest nook and cranny
of our garden
where the ivy gate swings
against the sky,
murmuring rhymes
of the meadow outside.

Our footsteps in the ivy
by the hidden gate
muffle sounds
of coiled joy
nearing the meadow
on the other side.

Our fingers in the crackling ivy
feel low utterings
beneath the meadow rhymes,
the echo memories
of sunlight in the garden
on fruits and faces
and things loved.

SARAH M. DERBY, '60

A VISIT WITH MLLE. QUEMET

'We'd like you to remember
That our front gate
Swings inward to friends
Who come early or late,
And our door has a kindly
And sociable grin,
And its hinges creak loudly,
"Come in, come in!" '

"Bon soir, mon enfant! Comment allez-vous ce soir? Deed you 'ave a fight with your best beau? Tell Mademoiselle all your troubles, and she'll geeve you a sleeping peel. I just love ze American youths." It is with such a greeting that one enters the congenial atmosphere of Mlle. Quémet's room on the second floor of Carter House. Mademoiselle is always willing to show any one of us her notebooks full of fascinating anecdotes of her many trips to distant shores. Her mastery of the Spanish language and literature has led her to make frequent trips to the Mexico she adores. Of all her treasures, the most highly prized is the ribbon and medal presented to her by the Académie Française for her commendable work in the teaching of French in the United States. Among her more prodigious undertakings is the sending of three hundred Christmas cards annually to friends all over the world.

Mademoiselle has taught all classes of French at St. Timothy's from her beloved beginners, the little "Trees", to advanced literature classes which explore the beauties of French poetry. She always gives generously of her time to any girl who feels she needs extra help, and it is because of this devotion to the students that she has come to know so many of them well. As each one's turn comes to graduate, Mademoiselle speeds her on her way with the fervent wish that she will have the good fortune to marry a Frenchman.

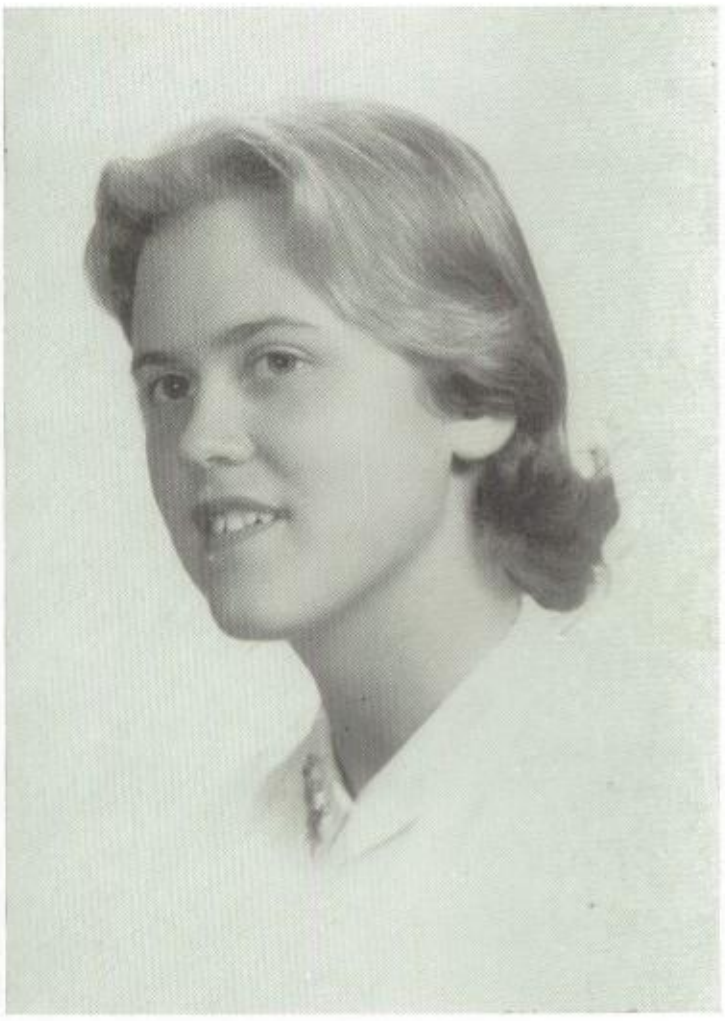
With the hope that her summer at Newport and the years to come will be as happy as are our memories of her, we wish Mademoiselle Quémet "à bientôt."

A DAY WITH MISS KAUTZ

From five in the morning to one at night, Miss Kautz's eighteen years at St. Timothy's have been vigorous and amusing ones. In winter, she springs from her bed to the kitchen where she demonstrates her true culinary genius by producing trays of Christmas goodies for the voracious girls at the school. She whisks them piping hot into her car to find—alas! snow! no chains! But Miss Kautz is not thwarted. Singlehanded she remedies the situation, and off to the bank she travels for rolls of nickels arriving at St. Timothy's with the cookies still warm. In fall and in spring, instead of cookies, it is flowers she brings, great armfuls of chrysanthemums, dahlias, then tulips, lilies, and finally the perfect rose.

She enters the hall of Fowler House—a hush! Everyone recalls whispered rumors of "little children being beaten." She saunters over to her hook—another's coat on it? Entering the bookstore, the Dutch door is slammed shut and morning bookstore is open. But what now? The horses are out? For the second time this day, Miss Kautz is back in her gray Chevrolet, rounding them up over Green Spring Valley. She returns once again to turn her thoughts towards her ledgers; for, of course, the school's finances are Miss Kautz's chief concern. As you pass the bookstore you will see her working on great lists of figures, making out reports, and generally keeping us in balance. Added to all this, she may well be ordering fascinating new casserole dishes, delving into files and her remarkably accurate memory to locate some item long ago forgotten by most of us, and even inviting the winsome Saint and Timothy to spend the night.

Who else can with all the foregoing garden, review books, entertain a whole class of Sixes, and still have time when Thanksgiving comes to make favors for the Spiders' table? We hope, then, that you will return often, for we shall miss you, Miss Kautz.



PRISCILLA BACON

South Hamilton, Massachusetts

BROWNIE

"The joy of life depends upon a sound stomach."

Conrad

"Big Bojeweega" sits huddled in the corner of her bare-walled suite, chatting and regarding her aggressive roommates with wary and glinty eyes. Without warning she leaps from her bed, sprays airwick at Sal, heaves a toad at Monumental, and swings over to play with Lisa. Much to the horror of the other denizens of Heath House, she throws laundry and wastebaskets of water at visitors, makes various untimely comments, and calls up Tuck, her companion from Asbury Grove, who is always 'nervousing' around. She frequently has inexplicable urges to do things such as visit old buoy boats, play 'kiki' games with the clan, and find chuckles amid the pages of the *Reporter*. One more amazing attribute of this svelte girl is her seemingly limitless capacity for food. Rarely is she seen without an assortment of goodies. And always we are faced with the imponderable question, "Is she *Wise or Otherwise?*"

ELISABETH BAILEY

"Lisa"

Hook Road, Bedford, New York

SPIDER

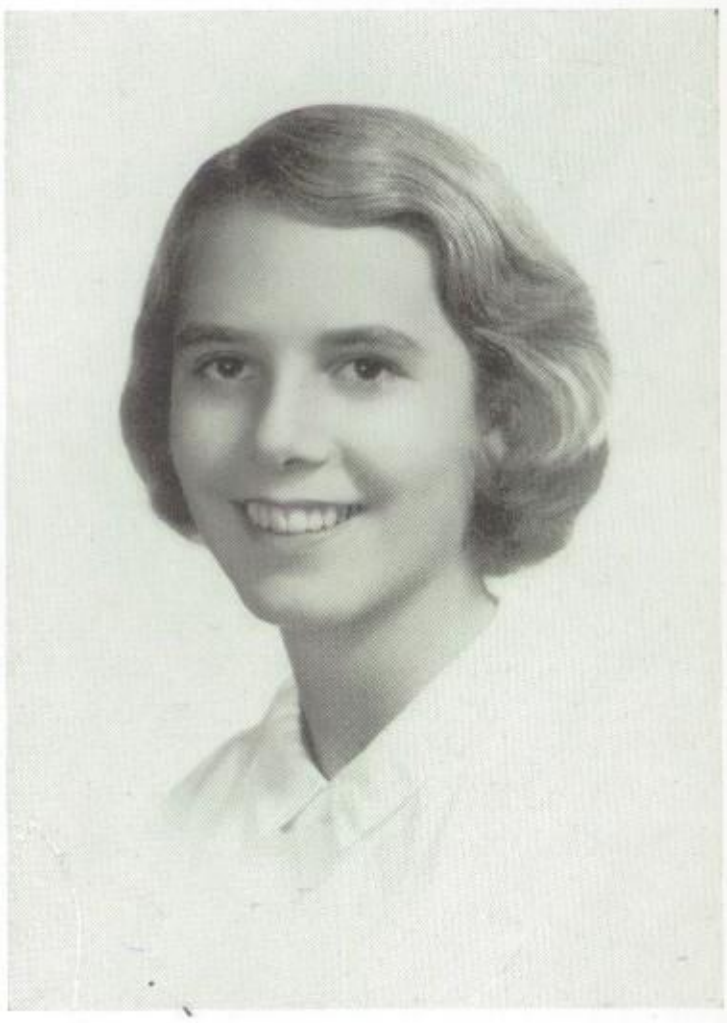
"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

Shakespeare

Wanted: "Lisa"

Description: Height—5′, 7″; Weight—126 lbs.; Eyes—big, brown and innocent; Hair—blond, with traces of Johnson's baby powder at the roots; Distinguishing marks—red blotches on her cheecks in moments of excitement or exertion; Clothes—last seen wearing a green sweater with speckles on it.

Record: Embezzlement of seventeen pieces of toast from entertainment company supplies. Leadership of determined basketball team.



and start knocking myself for not doing more on "Brainiac."
(continued on "JOHNSON", p. 16)

HARRIET LOWELL BELIN

"Beel"

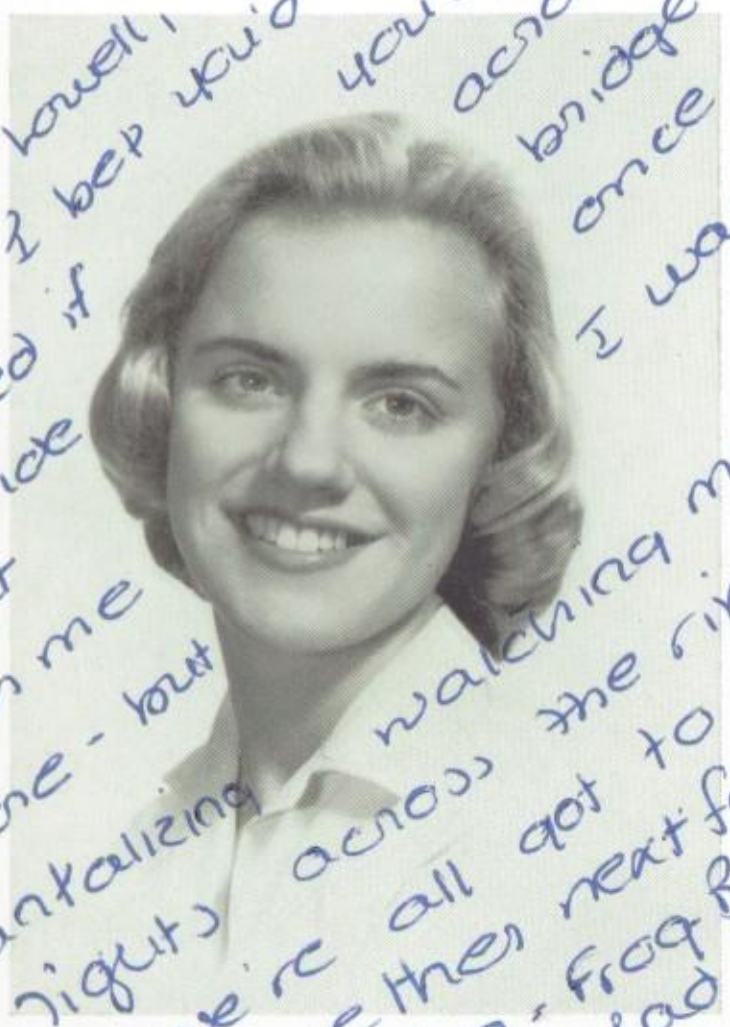
4 Willard Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

SPIDER — Wellesley

"Your heart hangeth on a jolly pin."

Chaucer

I'm a wild Jay bird, a most unusual Jay bird—the kind that has an Austrian Tirolese hat on the top of her blond friz, blue tweed feathers, and a frustrating blush. Characteristic of my species, I love to sing and eagerly participate in Choir and Choral. Some say I'm an intellectual sort of bird, for I love to collect those little golden cards several times a year. Like all healthy Jay birds, I madly and enthusiastically race up and down the hockey field leading the Team to victory. And just for reference, my favorite pastime is dunkin' doughnuts.



Dear Lowell, I bet you'd have died if you'd had to ride across bridge once I was that with me - but more tantalizing watching my figure across the river we're all got to get together some Time, Frog Pond. I'm glad I came to St Jim's to meet my cousin many times removed.
Pore Taddy

ELIZABETH ADELE BROWN

"Taddy"

Mt. Ararat Farms, Port Deposit, Maryland

BROWNIE — Bennington

"Be humble and gentle in your conversations and of few words—
I charge you; but always pertinent when you speak."

William Penn

Who is the girl most likely to go out on Saturday? Well, I'll give you some hints: she's on the Steward Board and well versed in writing; she is Co-head of Hospitality; she's a farm girl with city ways. Got an idea? You're right; it's Adele, the only girl who has been allowed to leave school in the middle of the week to go to Iowa to show her heifer. By the way, she returned with two huge ribbons. Right now, she is writing the first act of her first play; and when she finishes, she'll start humming a tune with a far-away look in her eyes—but not so very far away, just forty miles, in Port Deposit, Maryland.

Well babe-
we've made it through! What am I going to do next year wh
I can't look at your slips before THE STEWARD I go to sleep. What wi
you do when I won't be there to keep you up by yelling fo
under my mattress. Lastly, how will we get along wit
getting ourselves into trouble by rationalizing my days will not be complete without your reassur
Lowell, will I survive?
Yes, we are going to
see each other
when we are
here entertaining our
siblings. I'm going to miss
our gay times in Beta but
I shall not easy knowing
that all will be well with you at Wellesley. However,
that is no excuse for you not to send a few lines
once in awhile to good ole' Chatam so that I
won't feel completely forgotten. — It's been great
to coin a phrase — Luck to you and love,
Ellen
chatam.

ELLEN TURNER MACFARLAND BROWN
"El"
Edgewood Drive, Pittsburgh 15, Pennsylvania

BROWNIE

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade."
Shakespeare

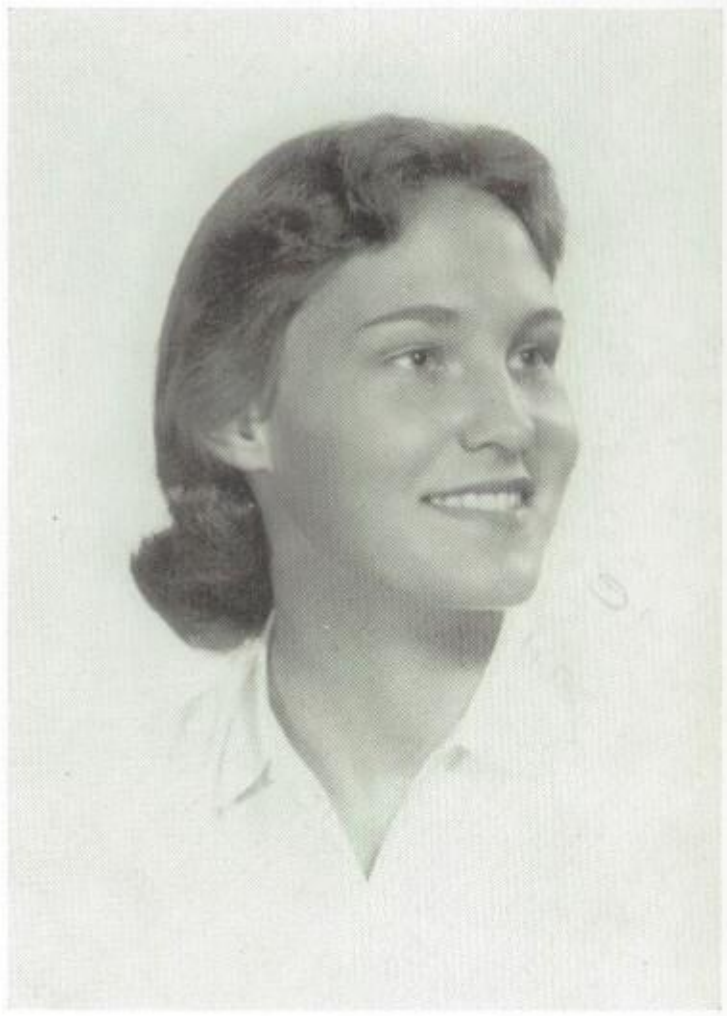
Local Personnel Director: "Miss Brown, if you will kindly refrain from these vociferous outbursts of laughter for a few moments, I will summarize my findings in regard to you. You are a very friendly girl, who spends a good part of her time listening to the woes of others. You are attractive, tending to fancy high heels, red nail polish, and feather hats. You love children and would like to take care of them. You are outgoing, for your record indicates many past activities such as class officer, hockey manager, and committee and typing head, as well as pianist and mathematician."

ALISON CHASE
"Ace"
Farm Street, Dover, Massachusetts

SPIDER University of Colorado

"Calmness is not always the attribute of innocence."
Byron

Is Nurse Chase in her favorite red coat on her way to see Miss Watkins? Or is she on the telephone, planning another skiing trip? Perhaps she is busy attending to her voluminous correspondence! It might even be that our Class President is trying to assign class jobs for the following week, for I overheard her ask, "Would you really mind being monitress?" Peeking into her room, I caught sight of a wound she had just acquired on the basketball court. As I turned to leave, I saw her bounce into bed, clutching her hot water bottle and Blue Bear, her 'only love'.



VICTORIA WAINWRIGHT DAWLEY

"Vicki"

175 Ninth Avenue, New York 11, New York

BROWNIE — Wells

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Shakespeare

In the remainder of her excessive amount of time, whether casually manipulating the flashing complexities of switchboard, striding to and fro clutching a file box appropriately labeled "Adaptations of Jung to the Problems of New York City's Three Hundred and Fifty Street Gangs", immersed in the quaint custom of loofa worship (vigorous scrubbing accompanied by deep growls), or expounding on the embarrassing elements of Commodore's uniforms, Vicki invariably follows the fast-moving adventures of *The Son of Mad*.

SARAH MASON DERBY

"Sally"

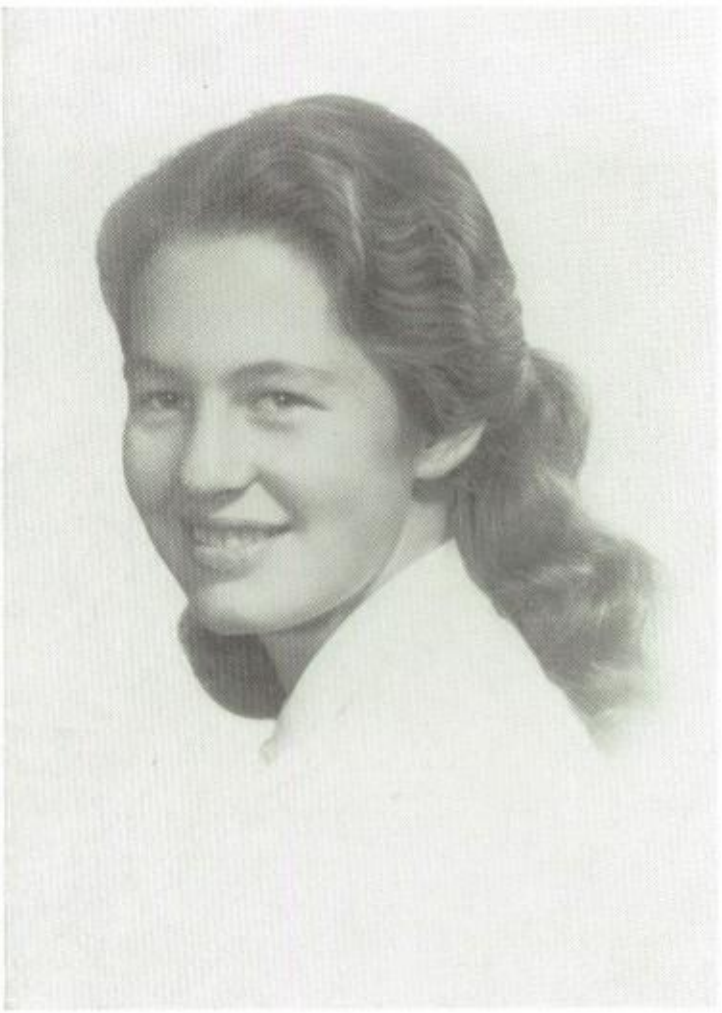
Willow Street, Dover, Massachusetts

BROWNIE — Connecticut College

"He who shall excel at tablet writing shall shine like the sun."

Ancient Babylonian Cuneiform

Our pert Sally, clutching books of all kinds, steps merrily up the path shrieking and chortling with gleeful abandon at being tardy for a conference with Mrs. Schroeder concerning evening religious activities. Having settled these matters, she turns to reading Eliot aloud or composing poetry. Since early February, however, our Sal has embarked on an effort to curb her vagaries. Now we hardly recognize her—she is determined, detached, profound, and even mystical part of the time. It all goes to suggest that she is destined for great things.



MARY McBURNEY DICKERMAN

South Main Street, Southampton, New York

SPIDER — Radcliffe

"Serene amongst the savage waves."
Motto of William of Orange

Sing, Oh Daughter of the East, wound in oriental raiment, exotic baubles dangling beneath unmolded features and brillo mane,

Child of conservative and modest stature, rosy nosed, racing to and fro along the paths of education, and duty-pausing abruptly only to socialize,

Reveling in the wonders of autumn sunsets and nights with time to sit silent and contemplate.

Proud to be tall, full lipped, and muscular wielder of school power, uniter of classes and sharer in sisterly athletic prowess,

Lover of uninterrupted noonday somnolence, of Hardy, of brown bare feet, and waltzing,

Sing, Oh Daughter of the East, member of intelligentsia, pursuer of loves, of music, of art, and gauzy feminine nighties,

Follow each thread to its essence, secretly smirk, and entwine the most perfect of each into your Indian braid.

Dear Boll-
Whee! What a neat 4-yr set
period we shall have
Wellesley — Tu right glad
I decided
upon those
tall Gothic
spires
rather than
the Victorian
shacks- Gosh - a
total of 4 yrs
together and
we'll never forget
our another-
J'espère que je pourrai
parler Français
by that time -
Much love,
M.

MARILEE EUSTIS EAVES

5614 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans 15, Louisiana

SPIDER — Wellesley

"La plus perdue de toutes les journées est celle où l'on n'a pas rit."
Chamfort

Let me tell a story 'bout a gal named Marilee in this glorious and eventful year. She's a gay teen age chick full of fun and sparkle, and she's always aspreading cheer. But oh how she laughs! Yes, that world-shaking laugh! She's forever reading Eliot and O'Neill. She's the gal from New Orleans. Now early in the morning, Marilee jumps from the blankets and checks her list for C. C. C. Then it's time for the sound of Sibelius and Erroll Garner, and even a bar or two of *Clementine*—how she can sing that song! She may take it easy on her well-earned free day, for she's the gal from New Orleans.

REBECCA OLIVER ECKFELDT

"Becky"

8011 St. Martin's Lane, Philadelphia 18, Pennsylvania

SPIDER — Wheaton

"Laugh and be fat, For care kills a cat."

Unknown

If the redheaded ghost in the black trailer with the green stripe accompanied by two white scotties could ever bear to leave her favorite haunt Pocono, she might possibly drift southward, passing through Westlawn and other such friendly areas. Traveling farther towards Baltimore would bring her to her haunt of years ago. It was there on the hockey field that she had stumbled and tripped over her hockey equipment and had somehow managed to come up with a blazer. It was on the basketball court that she remembered her elfish career in green and white flaunting her conquering Spider. Tickling her nostrils and chomping on an old piece of celery, she imagined the typewriter perched on the bed with unfinished minutes leering out at her. Chuckling over old memories, she flew back to Pocono.

JUDITH McDOWELL EVANS

"Judy"

Route 4 Box 172, Shreveport, Louisiana

SPIDER — Sweet Briar

"I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;"

Anon

"I can't wait to get home to Mama's protein cookies and steak-for-breakfast," drawls peaches 'n cream Judy, rollin' her big blue eyes. "I have to stay up here in this frozen North, but still I love to go skatin'," adds Judy, who's a 'real' generous girl always ready to lend her typewriter or to teach Tuck to take to the water like a duck. And sometimes on the weekends, she even teaches us to hula, that is, if she's not on her way to Princeton.

NANCY EDWARDS HOLLINGSWORTH

217 Grove Street, Westwood, Massachusetts

BROWNIE — Rhode Island School of Design

"The longing to be primitive is a disease of culture."
Santayana

A Brownie center without a ball
is our
Jersey clad, burlap shod doll.
Whereas
A proper Bostonian minus that Antell scent
is like
Our continental on the wrong continent,
and
An artistic dabbler without a potato
is
Our modern dancer, stubbing her toe.
But
A horse laugh without its girth
is like
Miss Nancy Hollingsworth.

MARGARET HUMPHREY

"Margo"

Hunting Hill, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

SPIDER — Briarcliff

"I live on hope and that I think do all who come into this world."
Robert Bridges

I sing of Margo, flaxen locked and sharp angled. As evidenced by her indefatigable announcements, she stands the staunch bulwark of the Order Committee. She never flinches from extracting apple cores from bush and cranny nor fails to attach the appropriate T. X. thereto. Let no student given to messiness enter into her vicinity, nor any book forgetter cross her path, for wrath will fall. Considered the essence of ~~horsemanship~~ horsewomanly precisess, she is often to be seen bounding across hill and dale atop her gallant steed Pete. Spreading organization before her in the form of Riding Club announcements, she treads from the stable to Carter House with grim determination. As one who is never afraid to raise her voice in meetings, she well represents the tradition of her Ohio family.

As Shirt wrote it

Dear Lowell - Although we never got Uncle Walter down we kept him a loyal Spider. Know we'll meet around Yale!?! Perhaps - Love,
Margo

PATRICIA ADAMS HURLBUT

"Patty"

91 Middlesex Road, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

SPIDER — Bradford

"A light heart lives long."

Shakespeare

"What page are you on? How can you get so far ahead? I'm always behind. Oh, come now, I can't get from the hockey field to Choir in just three minutes when all the showers are taken . . . Yeah man, Mommie came through again today. My only correspondent! Don't squash that Spider. It's valuable property. Hey, Mag Thornberger, let's see some of the beebop. Look at my waist! Isn't it thinner? I've gotten thinner in other places, too. You know what? I'm always contented. Don't you dare step on my Spider comforter. I love it devotedly—much better than I love you. I'm so witty; I can compose three funny poems to your one."

NANCY COBLEIGH JOHANNSEN

261 Via del Lago, Palm Beach, Florida

BROWNIE — Wellesley

"The fool will laugh though there be nought to laugh at."

Menander

A big raccoon coat is seen fleeting down the hall of Heath House and into the depths of Room Gamma. Should one follow it, one would see its illustrious wearer, Nancy, endeavoring frantically to distinguish between the realms of Powerful Pierre, Sigmund Freud, and the latest opinions on American capitalism. Finding this last too mentally strenuous, she turns to eating goober peas and reading O'Neill. Soon, however, this pleasant occupation ends, and she dashes off to her Board duties. Night falls, her coat is placed meticulously on her bed, and she goes off to sleep as a Princeton banner waves overhead.

wrong person some day, and now I've done it. Oh, dear, and I so wanted you to be pleased (THE STEWARD) with me because then I could come and mooch off you up in Boston, and salvage me from the Harvard males. Well, anyway, it is quite depressing, the prospect of no

CYNTHIA NOEL JOHNSON

"Cyn"

Kirtleton, Far Hills, New Jersey

SPIDER

"What wondrous life is this I lead!"

Enter into the world of Cynthia Johnson, for it may be likened to a Thurber fairy tale, where mushrooms grow upside down and smoke comes down instead of up. Who but Cynthia could exist so perfectly, lost in a book written in Elvish as she lies on a letter-littered bed? In the old days, the London days, she spoke with an accent pure and British. How cunning she looked in sturdy oxfords and bright plaids! Alas, how alarmingly changed she has become! Now she vacillates between Steward writings and Choral singing, and miraculously enough manages to take it all in stride.

Love, love, love, J.

JANE McLEOD KENNEDY

725 Sheridan Road, Lake Forest, Illinois

BROWNIE — Wheaton

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."
Shakespeare

"Heegh, heegh!" comes the stifled laughter of an overpowering four foot, eleven inch Self-gov. member as she relates one of her more humorous jokes, such as, "Who damned the Volga?" This is frequently followed by, "You have no sense of humor." Frustrated with adding posture scores and attending meetings with Miss Wakeman, she finds it difficult to set aside enough time for that neglected activity of Choral. Our blond beauty, however, never ceases to amaze us with her complex hair styles and feats of bopping ability. With a twist of the foot and a flick of the hip, she bobs around the campus murmuring infinite witty remarks . . . "Oh pain!"

BELINDA KEYSER

"Bindy"

Reisterstown, Maryland

BROWNIE Smith

"She bows to honor, then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,"

Quarles

The ice is cracking! Will this strange creature, known to the world of science as the Belindazoras, emerge alive after two thousand years beneath the ice? Wait—it moves—it speaks. How incredible! "Stop rustling!" it screams, now in full voice. It seems to be clad in an Austrian dirndl. Smiling benignly, it heads for Rome. It perches on Saint Peter's. It eats everyone else's 'ten centses'! Now the creature is calling out in some foreign tongue; it sounds like "Hey, El." Could it be addressing some kindred spirit? Yes, a small gremlin has answered its call and is clambering onto its shoulders. What will the puny human race do with such a monster, with such a superior being—except place it on a pedestal and admire it!

Dear Lowell, This will have to be a short and quick goody. Our French Classes Certain-ly will not be the same without us, do you think! Should cover up this chemic face. You know my true nature. This is truly a literate, ridiculous and incomprehensible note. Love, Bindy.

MARGARET SHERWOOD LIBBY

"Meg"

Coit Lane, Norwich, Connecticut

BROWNIE Smith

"For do you not know that I am a woman,
When I think I must speak?"

Shakespeare

Out of room Beta issues the wheezing cough of a dying machine. Upon rushing in to investigate, the innocent interloper finds no machine but merely Meg, lurking in a closet where she is cultivating a new and exotic laugh. Sensing a visitor, she walks over to her bed, on which lie six recently purchased Sky Bars. Opening the first one, she lapses into a dissertation on the fallacies of Sky Bar wrappers, completely baffling the uninformed invader, who by this time has noticed a bottle of purple powder on the bureau. Partially hidden among squirrels with Norwegian flags, the bottle is uncorked only when it seems necessary to its owner to make those blond locks even blonder. Having given the nougat to her friend she remembers a Charities meeting; and with a flashing smile she dashes off.

CATHERINE MITCHELL LYNN

"Tappy"

1105 V. E. S. Road, Lynchburg, Virginia

SPIDER — Sweet Briar

"Confusion now hath made his masterpiece."
Shakespeare

Phylum: Spasmopoda
Class: Gigglerata
Adaptations: Ability to solve college problems early
Observations: This specimen has certain habits which she regularly performs. Nightly she turns on her beloved rock 'n roll records. Every Sunday morning she is heard to croak forth from under the covers, "You know, they'd never miss me if I didn't get to breakfast." During the week she is seen busily replacing books in the library, and as Chairman of that committee reminding its members of their duties. Her most salient function, however, is in her artistic contributions, which are manifest in all school exhibitions.

KARIN ELLEN MYRIN

Kimberton Hills, Kimberton, Pennsylvania

SPIDER — Hollins

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"
Shakespeare

I am an English leather riding crop, hanging by my handle from the wall of Delta. You might think I would get bored with this life, but for variety my mistress takes me down and uses me to rap smartly a horse called Flares. Just recently I have been moved closer to the door to make room for an oil painting that my mistress just completed. She paints a lot of pictures, usually of horses. She can also speak Spanish very well except when she's in front of a tape recorder. Sometimes, in the dead of night, I hear anguished mutters from below as she dreams of those blasted recorders, T. X's, or in-and-outs. Here she comes, back from hunting. "Haw, haw! Yes, we had quite a good run. There really is only one trouble with hunting—you collect so many burrs . . ."

Dear Lowell
When Knipl't was
rowing our fathers & they
permicts Pas Paul my
sac he & the best
e Mr. Hoo Hoo Hoo P.
echnum Pa's heating
yer

FRANCES ELLEN PAUL

5023 Dolphin Avenue, Ocean Ridge, Delray, Florida

SPIDER

"Diddle, diddle dum, de
The cat ran up the plum tree."

John Updike

Cackling, eyes squinted, from an M. I. T. shell, a crew shirt gray and maroon, happy-stretched. With elbows uplifted, throw short hands through your hair and speak of Spider basketball, plum trees, and apples cold-skinned. Wheeze from your Gauguin painted corner-cranny, where mind-occupying isn't necessary and where the wall is sun-squared. Dance sinuous armed into knowledge of a beat, paper-strewing, damp-footed and round-graced, and then indulge in afternoon fruit-eatings. Writhe spiritually, decision-rent and suggestion-asking under assignment-stress of midweek study time. Leave room-sittings and leap laughter-shrieking into the sun.

NANCY SHERLOCK ROWE

4765 Burley Hills Drive, Cincinnati 43, Ohio

BROWNIE — Wellesley

"My voice stuck in my throat."

Vergil

Room G
"Gosh, I wish I could grow up to be just like you."

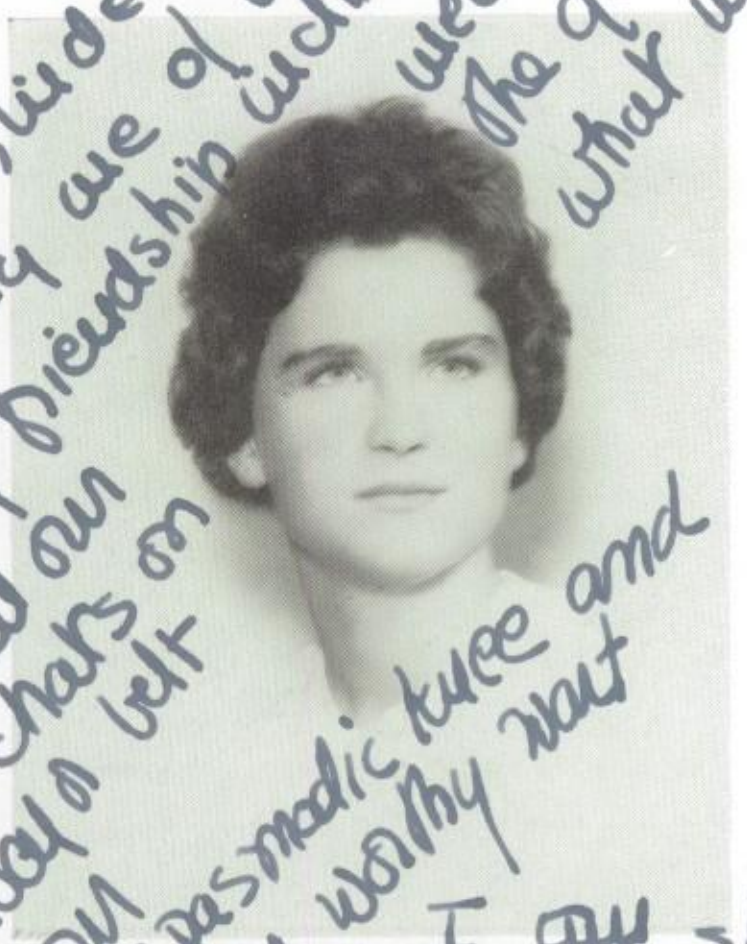
Classroom
"Now we will discuss disarmament, Nancy?" "Well, ah, ah, well . . ."

Woods Hole, Massachusetts
Hey, the boat's heeling, and here comes Joe to save us."

Europe
"Please take me across the street. I've just got to buy that big gray elephant."

Cincinnati, Ohio
"Just 'cause you can't live out in the Midwest like us lucky people."

Choral, Dramat
"Now everybody clap for me extra loud."



Lowell, wide eyed & wonderful
as usual we of us
being friendship inclined
after all our tweetings
and chats on the gray
convey a belt that will
your spasmodic knee and
my worthy seat
I am stymied as to what
the bath has
in store for tonite - perhaps
& personalized pairs of underdrawers blue +
white with embroidered cocker spaniels.
Luv. Sall

SANDRA VICTORIA ROWE
4905 Burley Hills Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio

BROWNIE — Connecticut College

"Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic."

Emerson

Blessings on thee, maiden sweet,
Bathing suit clad, and a cake to eat,
With her robe and blanket plaid,
Jars of sun-tan oil she had.
A smirk triangular
And trinkets dangular,
The sunshine on her face,
She's lost in dreams of the human race.
From my heart I give her praise,
Knowing all her funny ways.
Let her play upon the sunny isle
And sing vocabulaire awhile,
"Delicious! Lovely! Jamais laide!"
Blessings on thee, fair young maid!

Miss Belin
I'll save
you
to those
delightful
Boston
Boys
Don't
you
just
love
=
b socialize! touch!
Really Good luck
Expect b run into you
in The Harvard Loop some day
Love Ann

ANNIE LAWRIE RYERSON
"Lawrie"
333 Lee Street, Brookline, Massachusetts

BROWNIE — Boston University

"The best portion of a good man's life—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness."
Wordsworth

She creeps through life entangled in the thick vines of cooperation and responsibility. She emerges from this jungle only to scuttle off to Choir and Choral. During the Dramat season, she may be found murmuring lines of drama to herself as she crouches in the recesses of her den. When Self-gov. meets, she is coaxed away from her other extensive pursuits only long enough to attend this conference. But once in a while, she undergoes an astonishing metamorphosis; and wriggling out of her wilda she emerges ready to rock 'n roll, cha-cha, and waltz with the best of the Annapolis midshipmen.

↑ Mrs. Rand's

KATHLEEN PRENTICE SANGER

"Kathy"

Farm Street, Dover, Massachusetts

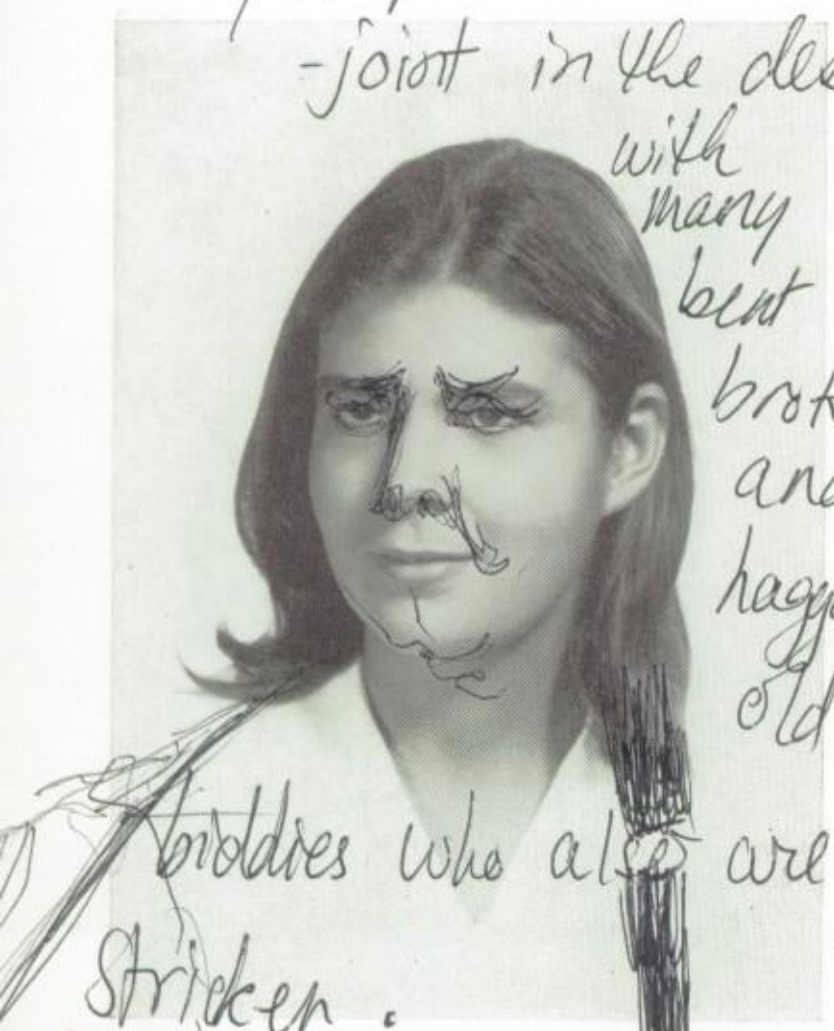
BROWNIE

"Laughter holding both his sides."

Milton

Here comes Kathy, and she's late for Sextette, or is it Choir, or maybe Choral? "Mrs. Shipley, the sopranos just can't get that note!" . . . "I absolutely love to waltz, and Mr. Schmidt is the best dancer!" . . . "I just loved California! . . . And now I'm so independent!" . . . "I'm going to wear my black jumper again, and if you don't like it you can just . . ." "Ace, would you rub my back?" . . . "Ask me where I got my Brooks scarf! Go on, just ask me!" . . . "And to keep from slipping on the icy paths, I just took off my shoes and went down in stocking feet." With such bursts of spasmodic chatter, Kathy crashes around school. Under her enthusiasm, disorganization, and lack of coordination, Kathy's level headedness persists in creeping out.

Lowell - my fellow victem of the evil-knee-spirit-
Perhaps at 50 we will meet at an arthritis-cure-
-joint in the desert with many bent broken and haggard old
Addres who also are
Stricken.



CYNTHIA ELINOR SCHMIDT

~~"Cyn"~~ Shuf -

328 Bellefontaine Street, Pasadena, California

BROWNIE — Rhode Island School of Design

"~~The~~ faery beam upon you,
The stars to glister on you;
A moon of light,
In the noon of night,
Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you!"

Ben Jonson

Revel in the joyous talent of Cynthia Schmidt's indolent inky sketches, her eccentric melodic jazz and monotone recitals. Curled placidly on a rainbow-squared blanket, she ponders on Freudian philosophy and just-enjoyed or soon anticipated weekends. Sliding noiselessly in a snow-colored kimono, she drifts between third floor dwellings, brushing her shining ebony tresses. Going here and there in browns and blacks, making junior reporter notations, and composing oddities for the *Alumnae Bulletin* as well as copious posters proclaiming the joys of reading, she contemplates dreams of surf swirling on California sands.

Otherwise, sail placidly forward. C.S.

Dear Lowell-
Your trips to Princeton will live forever in my memories and cool Tone's I am sure. I think I must have had a jinx on you or something - your summer sounds très cool - I just may fly over and meet you. I hope Wellesley is as much fun as I am sure it will be - I will remember room 9 for always. That really was good fun!
Love, Mary Lee (Skin)

MARY LEE CROMWELL SKINNER

104 Library Place, Princeton, New Jersey

SPIDER

Briarcliff

"Who as she leapt, with joy related soon
How happy she o'erleapt the moon."

Traherne

If she's not buried deep in her *Christian Science Monitor*, conversing with Mrs. Warner, or writing a term paper, she's talking, for talking is her favorite sport. Hailing from Princeton, New Jersey in the winter and Bar Harbor in the summer, Mary Lee has met nearly everybody on the East Coast. One has merely to mention a name, and a shrill cry is heard, "Oh, I know her!" On Saturdays she leads an excursion to Aunt Sonia's (her 'deevine' godmother), who lives almost in sight of the school. In fact, she is related to approximately half of Baltimore. She spends the afternoons leading the life of an equestrienne, and in the evening after study hall she has her nightly tango or gives cha-cha lessons for free.

MARY SETON STOUFFER

"Misty"

Roundwood Road, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

SPIDER

"No one regards what is before his feet;
we all gaze at the stars."

Ennius

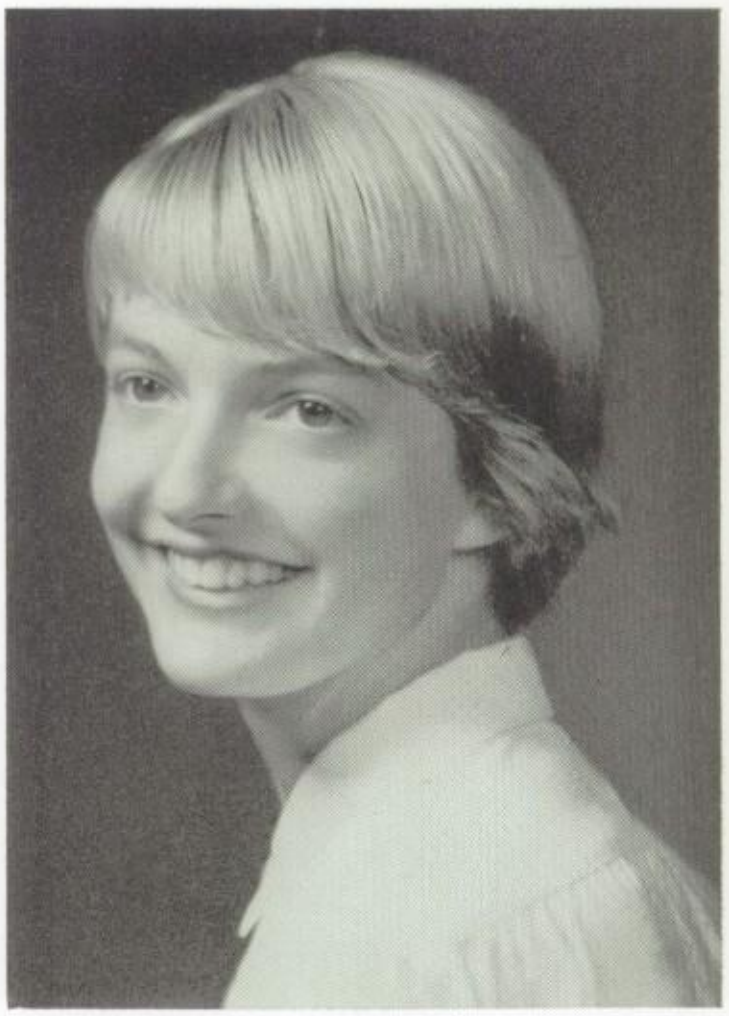
"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your sportscaster here at the 1962 Olympics, interviewing Miss Sports of 1962. Tell us, to what do you attribute your success?"

"Golly, I guess to my vitamin pills and my large appetite."

"Well, tell us something of how you became such an athlete."

"Gosh, when I was in school, I used to sing in Choral, Choir, and Sextette to improve my breathing. To keep in condition, I sprinted through my Self-gov. duties. Oh yes, I was on the Spider team, too."

"Our time is up now, Miss Stouffer, thank you so much for your time. There she goes—off like a streak."



CONSTANCE FRANCHOT TENNEY

"Connie"

Whitney Lane, Glen Head, Long Island, New York

BROWNIE

"I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;"

Quarles

The 'scrumptious' smell of coffee rises tantalizingly from the Sixes Room in the middle of the afternoon. It must be . . .? Yes, it is Connie, attired in black sweater and skirt, engrossed in her Current Problems newspaper, and nervously contemplating that big week-end. "I'm so scared; once I get there . . . Oh dear!" Then relapsing into her Long Island cockney, "Oh, but oy'm rawther late for Dramat, I say." She bats her eyes, gives a twist to her beads, and dashes off in a flurry of beautifully organized notes. Half a second later, she'll dash back in for her script, leaving a scribbled note for toast, tea, coffe, doughnuts, and loads of cocoa for the Entertainment Tea this week. Then she's gone again, intending probably to make a short stop at the Music and Drama Building to confer with Miss Pennington on alumnae notices.

MARGARET POLK THOURON

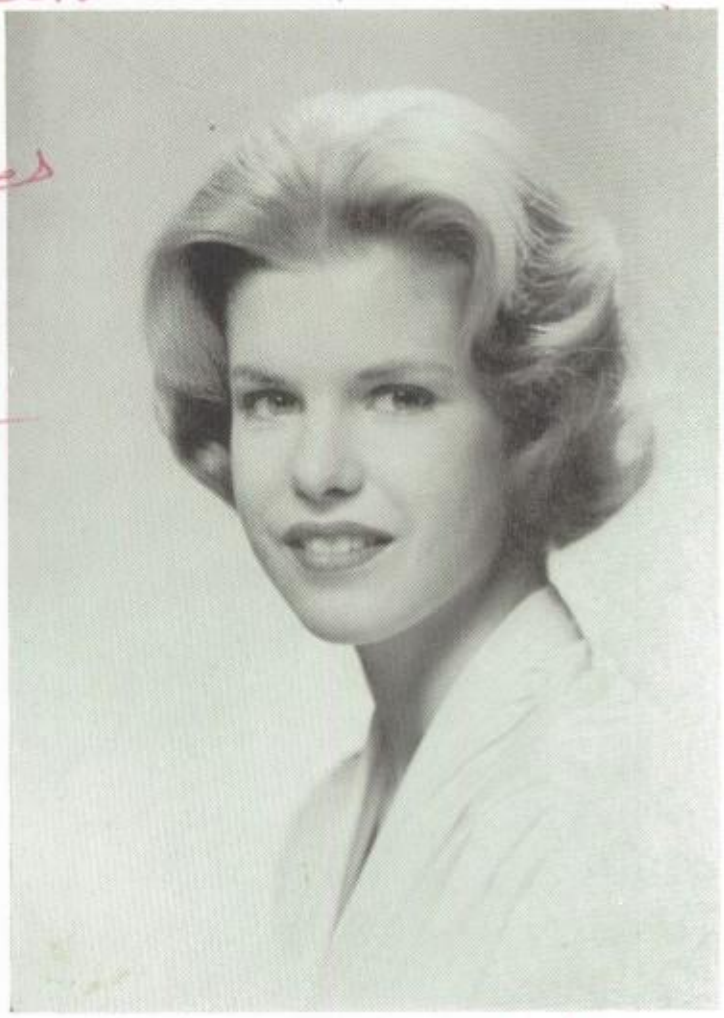
900 North Broom Street, Wilmington, Delaware

BROWNIE

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct,
and the hand to execute."

Junius

Margaret is not only captain of the Brownies, a member of the Charities Committee, but an ardent student as well. Not content to rest on such illustrious laurels, she endeavors to keep her roommates in good spirits. This she does admirably well in the execution of her ape act, in which she bounds in anthropoidal fashion about the room. She takes her tea straight, and her only comment after being told the McDonough boys were not to return for the second day of the seminar was, "Killjoy was here." Shaped like a koala, she swings off with a cheery "toodle, noodle."



DIANA LANGDON WALKER
"Di"
520 East 86th Street, New York 28, New York

SPIDER — Bradford Junior College

"Three good things in a woman: the riches of Juno, the wisdom of Pallas, the beauty of Venus."
John Florio

Miss Walker, on behalf of the Association I would like to congratulate you on your fine performance. We are impressed not only with your ability as an actress but also with your life outside the theatre. We have heard that you are interested in art and music, that you have found time to keep abreast of current literary trends, and that you have managed even to pursue your talent for writing. A close friend of yours told us recently that you are often seen enjoying Manhattan's night life surrounded by a bevy of admirers. Is it true that you are also the toast of the Continent? Let me extend to you our very best wishes, Miss Walker.

POLLY REED WALKER
"Pooly"
4825 Lighthouse Drive, Racine, Wisconsin

BROWNIE — Bradford Junior College

"He who labors diligently need never despair; for all things are accomplished by diligence and labor."
Menander

I'll tell you about Polly. She's the kind of person who at the most incongruous times bursts into blushing, shaking laughter. And yet she's the epitome of perseverance, especially as our 'Self Gov. Rep.' up here on the second floor of Heath House. During most afternoons, Polly leaves us. In vain we search for her—she has hidden herself in Fowler House, oblivious of our fervent pleas to join our merry-making. But when she knocks 'goodnight' at 10:00 P.M., she's full of fun as she regales the young 'uns with nightly jokes or exotic stories gleaned from personal experience, such as breakfasting Hawaiian style and downbeat music from the Village.

SARAH KEY WATTS

"Key"

Poplar Forest, Forest, Virginia

SPIDER

Briarcliff

"A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself."

Coleridge

Click, click—three more packages of cookies bounce out into Key's waiting hands; and, with a shriek of laughter, she runs down to study hall to munch on her latest purchase while she pores over her physics book. Oops! four-thirty! a frantic scraping of the chair and a mad dash to Choral, with a quick stop at the afternoon lunch basket on the way. Jimmy comes in three more days and maybe can stay to see Key's angelic face peeping over the choir stall or her spectacular limp down the hockey field. She makes a frantic rush to mail call, which yields an hilarious letter from Anya and another box of treasures from "the shop." She trades a nickel for a sugar daddy, and pleads, "Won't somebody please cut my hair?" With sweat-pants, socks, and sweat-shirt on, Key jumps into bed, beseeching, "Please close the window for at least this one night."

MARY TYLER McCORMACK WILBUR

"Tyke"

Warrenton, Virginia

SPIDER

"There was a young lady from Lynn
Who was so incredibly thin
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade
She looked down the straw and fell in."

Anonymous

Who is that tall blond creature that just flew by? Seems to me I've seen her before. Wheeling into study hall, this creature accomplishes a week's work in a day. She's the one I've seen in *Steward* meetings, trying to keep that publication out of the red. It seems to me I've heard her giving lectures on the Gold Cup races, and some say she's an authority on crazy jazz bebop. It's reported that her correspondence is enormous, but even so she complains, "Why, I only get letters from ten boys!" Now I remember; that's our Tyler!

MEMORABILIA

LIBERTE

ON THAT fateful eve in late September, the members of the Third Estate drew together in the courtyard and swore to preserve the student body's unity. Only newly independent, only newly in the sisterhood, they rose to the occasion and strengthened their position with the installment of Mesdemoiselles Ellen, Diana, and Judy in high legislative posts. Even on the Sabbath day, there was no rest as Key's vibrant soprano rang out in the cathedral. Still the people were not satisfied. Fortunately the Delano Duo's prominence in the Faction Green appeased the more democratic elements while for a time the aristocracy was pacified by Tyler's appointment to a leading part in Her Majesty's Christmas pageant.

With the coming of the winter rains, three new ministers, Connie, Sheila, and Misty appeared on the scene. Meanwhile the Third Estate succumbed to the pleasures of mysterious Salon WW, conducted by Mesdames Vicki, Tyler, Sheila, and Ellen. In its depths rebellion brewed. They came with the watchword, Tidy Cross; and went . . . so dedicated and so many were the illustrious patrons that in one period 53 TX's had slipped through the musty passageway. At the same time, internal dissension threatened to divide—e'en to destroy—the brave Fourteen. In TT, Connie and Margo quarreled over their favorites, Stevenson and Eisenhower.

But in the spring, there was no time for family feuds. The radicals, Tappy, Adele, and Diana were catapulted into seats in the Assembly. Discontent was bubbling over for spring floods had left the city submerged in swimming pools, and crop failure had driven the citizens into the fields for sustenance and suppers. The Good Humor man was seized. Finally emotions reached a peak, and on May 14, 1957, the people swept forward to the storming of Fort Henry and the impregnable Delvales. Then graduation (at which Daphne disguised the telltale blue shoes with white polish) and Liberation!

EGALITE

The summer wore indecisively away. With the arrival of the Boston faction, heralded long beforehand by Tuck's praises of Pris, the class succumbed to a wave of insurgency which was to last throughout the Four year. Josephine the Pyro (more popularly known as Napoleon's wife in later years) constituted the first attempt at rising above Convention; she led the way for a thousand more disasters. Mary McB.'s show of ingenuity in orginating the Russian serf disguise launched her into the presidency along with Tappy, Ellen Brown, and Lawrie. Downstairs Bindy was entertaining the revolutionaries late into those tension-ridden nights with her glorious renditions of Italian lullabies. It was early in the year that the rumblings of division broke, and the lower class was torn into opposing Carterists and Heathobins. Marauding bands were despatched from both camps, but it was the Foreigners, among them Jane's and Sally's admirers, who underwent the cruelist tortures, i.e. the blinding watery deluge and malicious picture-taking. The same tormentors refused to admit El to one nocturnal meeting and awoke the faithful gendarme with their torrent of abuse. In garret D, draughty windows caused nightly turmoil. Ideals clashed among the Heathobins, too, the Derby-Wilbur enmity being most representative of the general feeling. So fiery were the fanatics that they crept about at night with deadly garlic salt.

The approach of the autumn Festival of Bird provided an all too temporary outlet for the restless citizens. Then the plague struck—the people slunk away to suffer in crowded attics, a few to suffer in secret solitude. However, having exhibited outstanding military prowess and being the sturdiest of peasant lasses, Pris and Pat recovered in time to join the Brown Shirt, Green Shirt fighting in the streets. Due to the fearful uncertainty of the times, it was impossible to perform Her Majesty's Christmas pageant that year, although the Court was dragged out by the rabble and compelled to witness the fall of Santa Claus in D.

To the dismay of the new leaders, Connie, Alison, Sandra, and Jane, Kay withdrew during the winter months, but Meg arrived to join forces with Patty and Margo in DD. After the January trial period and various investigations and examinations, the Government proposed a last measure against impending disaster. There was to be a St. Andrew's ball. Hostilities were momentarily suppressed, and the people lustily rejoiced and decorated (only the most dissatisfied sulked brooding in their corners) though Patty squirmed in terror lest the incriminating "Hurlbut" be exposed.

The seasons changed, and with them a new crop of young demagogues mounted the soap boxes, Lowell, Misty, Becky, and Polly. The Carterists and Heathobins found their positions strangely reversed. As the spring progressed, memories of younger days were recalled with mutterings of those famous old names, Black Swan and Our Gal Sunday, floating out from Heath House windows on the balmy nighttime air. And when the sun slid up, Tuck's jubilant croak burst forth with *Welcome Happy Morning*. Happy morning, indeed! That very day Skinner was bathed in oil and burned on the hill—a winsome martyr, glorying in her agony.

Suddenly the clock struck twelve. In the dead of night they came and knocked and summoned—the Revolutionary Tribunal. There was a brief hearing and imprisonment with awesome Sixes. One evening Judy was roused from deep slumber by shattering glass and a shoe flung viciously through the window. That was all—only a threat with the trace of men's voices dying away in the distance. In the meantime, the remaining unimprisoned continued to wine and dine remarkably lavishly at Bindy's. The Sorceress Sara was tipping her prophetic tables. Adele willed disaster on the helpless opposition, and Meg's pentrating psychoanalysis was quietly exposing all treacherous secrets locked in I. With the release of the prisoners, the revolutionaries determined to unite their forces and usher in a new régime. As one they would proclaim: *Egalité!*

FRATERNITE

THE brotherhood assembled once more after the long hot summer, with citizens Sanger and Emmet now swelling the ranks (Kate, Tilda, Sara, and Tuck had fled from the country). They immediately rallied round the New Supporters in an impressive display of power, easily equaling the earlier performances of the Old, in which Mary McB. had been caught in the act of a solemn Swiss clock. L with their ominous roar of bagpipes had proved somewhat more successful, but it was the terrible stamping of the fiery Spaniard mercenaries (Meg, Nancy, Cyn, and Tap) that drove terror into the hearts of men. Terror!

The new Committee of Public Safety had been recently established under the auspices of Jane and citizens Sandra, Margaret, and Lawrie. Shortly thereafter several of the more revolutionary members withdrew for a brief investigation into St. Andrew's *Social Contract*. Having received favorable reports, the Committee was able to instigate a terrorizing party on All Souls Night led by the Schmidt witch, who tore through the city shrilly summoning the rabble and the bats in the loftiest belfry to the gory Gym Massacres. The President was quite drunk with its success. *The Last War*, for the time being, followed shortly. A heavenly Emmet appeared when the strife was over and bore away the last survivor, Cynthia, and her dog Misty. A brief respite. Then skirmish followed skirmish. Priscilla and Margaret tramped out to the Court to defeat Pat and Lisa. A week later all thirty-eight revolutionaries withdrew for a day at the United Nations. Naturally plunder was irresistible, and they returned to the city laden with trinkets and gaudy baubles.

In the meantime, the Government proclaimed a holiday, and the revolutionaries retired to plot their insurrection. At the end of three weeks, a new finance ministry was appointed advocating a sweeping reformation of Necker's policies—Sandra in charge of Department ABC, Marilee surveying OUQT, and Department SWAK in the hands of Nancy J. One way or another, Sandra emerged the winner for ABC's rewards, but that was a chance taken, and in the long run the country did improve. The citizens then turned to graver matters. Mary and Alison had usurped the power and were establishing the worship of the god of Reason (this more rational approach to life had long been encouraged by certain progressive elements present in L). It was around now that Johnson, Schmidt, and Dickerman began contributing to the revolution through a radical periodical called *The Steward*. Karin felt that Spanish bullfighters would be far more effective in dealing with the obstinate aristocracy.

In the background, Bacon and *Bunions* stirred up a clamorous throng inside the old theatre while the Nancys N. and H. executed plans for taking off the Sixes and removing further opposition.

The spring witnessed the remnants of winter's bloody struggles—innumerable bodies draped over the hills in the sunlight. Count Joliemaitre, Mrs. Tiffany, and her lovely daughter Seraphina, in true revolutionary *Fashion*, deserted the aristocracy and became known respectively as Citizens Tenney, Diana, and Cynthia. The air was fraught with tension as the city sensed the approach of a new order. One of the citizens in I succumbed to mild hysteria and longed to slip away into the night. There were anxious whisperings about some mysterious rings which they were hoping would appear. At last the storm broke. The exuberant people roared, "Mary's Head!" and President Alison was borne along on the shoulders of the mob. Becky, Lowell, Jane, and Polly constituted the members of the new Directory with the military might in Patty's Legion Green and Margaret's Brown command. All factions united for the Commencement of a triumphant Era of Fraternité!

LA REPUBLIQUE

FRATERNITE! It rumbled in three dozen throats hoarse with exultation. It broke upon the evening air and thundered in the stillness. And so it was. Even the wandering brethren returned from foreign lands that fall. (Misty and Connie came with hair gone white, such honors had they known.) But, alas, the noble Kath was not among them. They mourned and gave her up for lost, though rumor had it certain notes were slipping into J from some anonymous alien.

Not only were the old hearts throbbing with new life, but younger, hotter blood was flowing in the First Republic's veins. For a moment, the formidable Directory trembled at the sight of the youthful initiates pouring into the courtyard, shouting their hymns of praise. Then each drew aside her own disciple to teach the way of Reason. By this time Nancy Johannsen and Misty had been chosen for the Cabinet, and soon after Judy led her troops (Nancy, Lisa, Tappy, and Jane) to Princeton-Yale, a most triumphant enterprise. The success of this mission was attributed in no small way to a peculiar feline idol bestowed upon the people by a mysterious ERW. Leo claimed a universal following, but Adele could not resign herself completely as she and the 4-H faction impressed a gathering at Waterloo (Iowa) with their reverence for the bovine. A few weeks later, N. Row, Pris, Hollingsworth, Griesa, Sandra, and Mary McB. sallied forth on the Cutler Campaign to fortify the Northern borders. Unfortunately, not all the adherents were quite so active. Gamma longed to lie in peace and stretch their necks around the city. On the other hand, WW was so lazy that they never went to bed.

A few languid followers didn't dampen the spirits of the rest. In fact, a brilliant duel was staged between the Brownies and the Spiders; and, as for the sticked infantry, their captain Lowell, crippled and bleeding, led them valiantly against foreign invaders.

There were blood and sweat, but there was also the lighter side of the years of trial—those nights of revelry at Cabaret à Violet, Mademoiselle Watkins' bistro on the pool's Left Bank.

The fog settled down and the sleet came on, bearing a Prom(ise) of Snow to Jane's delight. There was a dreadful eve in February when three of the four in G hid breathlessly in the tiny circle window, but, alas, there wasn't room for Ellen. In January, Lawrie and Ellen replaced two of the old Directory. They sent out Cyn to spy on Brown, but poor Cyn was captured or at least captivated for quite a while. After she'd returned, the sleepless heard a tortured cry of "Biddi!" echoing through empty halls towards daybreak; whence it came the gendarmes never knew, though El and Sal were found with "Biddi" labeled pencils. And there were more Societés Sécrètes like Nanc and Vick with oriental ceremonial robes, and more underground movements: Tilly Toothpicks entertained a few handsome ambassadors in the underground Salon Six.

The people were not satisfied with the rule of the Directory, and there was a desperate struggle late in February, followed by its restoration provided that their promises be fulfilled.

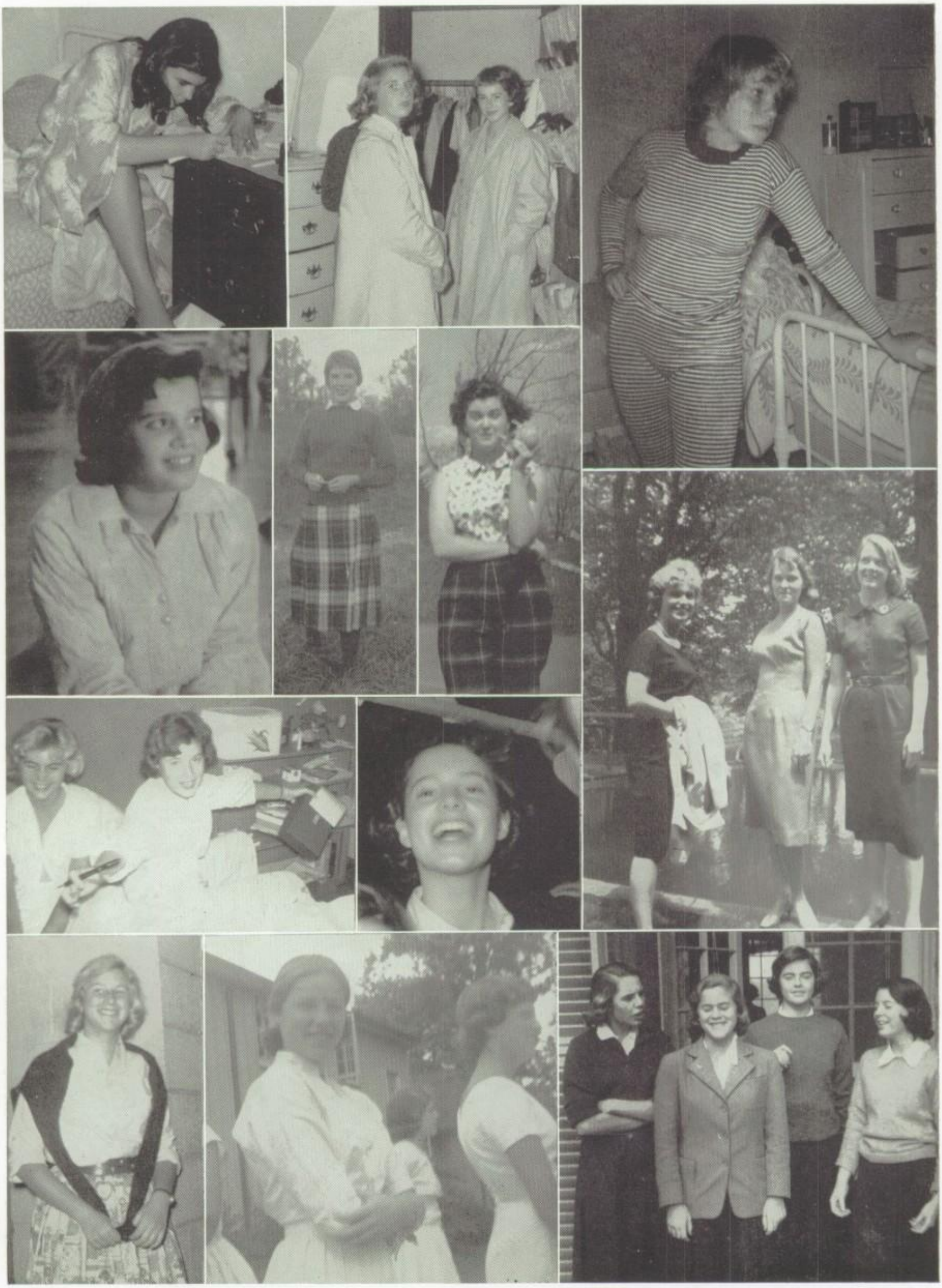
Winter melted away and April came, but Sally didn't until they called for her. The strengthened Directory was reinforced by Meg's election and Lawrie's prolonged term, but it knew that more would have to be accomplished to appease the masses. Immediate public construction projects appeared to be the most satisfying remedy, but the laboring classes were in such a fever of excitement that slaves had to be imported from the southern colonies, such gorgeous, glistening specimens as the black Pris Zula and Lisa Bantu.

Except for the bloodthirsty Diana with her laboratory guillotine, the revolutionary spirit was waning. Becky, Misty, and Nancy J. were involved in other Engagements. Spring softens the heart, and so did Bindy with her plaintive little love songs. Even Nancy won Diana in a courtship that was the talk of *Our Town*, and old St. Andrew looked quite handsome to the dancing maidens. Yes, there was blissful peace throughout the land. On April 17th the Directory gratefully received a generous vote of confidence from the people, and so it sailed peacefully on to Graduation. Vive la République!

CLASS OF 1960 STATISTICS

Name	Symbol	Admired For	Usually Found
BACON	Nivea	*Fruit*	Wrestling
BAILEY	Shin guards	*Family anecdotes*	Wrestling
BELIN	Crutches	*Chicken skiing*	Standing in yoga position
BROWN, A.	Gold mirror	*Figure*	Swinging her legs
BROWN, E.	Frowzy forelock	*Composure*	Winking
CHASE	Hot water bottle	*Thin waist*	Eating ice cream
DAWLEY	Her stride	*Concentration*	Engrossed
DERBY	T. X.'s	*Shrieking laugh*	Being late
DICKERMAN	Comfortable clothes	*Her interests*	Filing and admiring deadly nails
EAVES	Cultivated laugh	*Captivating intellect*	Under her bed reading Eliot
ECKFELDT	Duck feet	*Her ability to attain "height"*	On the telephone
EVANS	Rosy cheeks	*Peaches and cream complexion*	On the telephone
HOLLINGSWORTH	Burlap walking sandals	*Minute giggle*	Snapping fingers to Bartók
HUMPHREY	Madras riding coat	*Ability to avoid*	Being opinionated
HURLBUT	Wavy hair	*Good bone structure, i. e. chin*	Being a bridesmaid
JOHANNSEN	Milk and champagne	*Plenty of something*	Sun worshiping
JOHNSON	Old gray slippers	*Photographic memory*	Writing history papers in the last five minutes
KENNEDY	Blond hair	*Legs*	In study hall
KEYSER	Renoir figure	*Contentedness*	Being kindly Mother Bind
LIBBY	Squirrel with Norwegian flag	*Incomparable smile*	Eating Sky Bars
LYNN	Waifish look	*Luck on blind dates*	Putting away library books
MYRIN	F. A. D.	*Horse laugh*	Sweating over a tape recorder
PAUL	Hangdog expression	*Muscles*	Compulsively eating
ROWE, N.	Orange peel	*Virtue*	Doing charity work
ROWE, S.	Red capsule	*Dictionary diligence*	On the beach
RYERSON	Seductive nightgowns	*Ability to forget about work*	Entangled in family affairs
SANGER	That circle pin	*Sense of humor*	Telling a story
SCHMIDT	Flowing hair	*Muu-muu*	Attempting perception of natural beauty
SKINNER	Little blue ring	*Generosity*	Talking
STOUFFER	Sandwich at recess	*Spirit*	Hogging her fruit
TENNEY	Eye shadow	*Organization*	Trying on the blue linen sheath
THOURON	Gaylord's Discount House	*Wilmington warble*	Changing her hairdo
WALKER, D.	Waistline	*Blond hair*	On stage
WALKER, P.	Exotic headgear	*Sophisticated laugh*	Studying
WATTS	Episcopal charm	*Casual clothes*	Eating
WILBUR	One curler	*Figure*	Sitting in the doghouse

Favorite Saying	Ambition	Most Likely To Be
"I'll change them next week."	To be domestic	Masseuse at Vic Tanney's
"I can't help it. They're all in the wash."	To cultivate a Ph.D.	Married to a lifeguard
"Mish!"	To find someone who fills the requirements	Misled
"Oh, come on!"	Breeding bigger and better cows	A city girl
"And then Ham . . ."	To march down an aisle in a white dress	Wife of a Swiss ski instructor
"Blue Bear is my moral support."	To have long hair	Unmarried Colorado rancher
"Well, just let me tell you!"	To be a hermit	Miss G. T. S. 1962
"Woosha, woosha!"	To write like T. S. E.	A social reject
"Tootsie Roll!"	To be pert	Hostess in trapeze coat
"What will Crutcher say about this?"	To spend New Year's in the French Quarter	at New York dance
"Whooooooom!"	To get Daddy a Princeton son-in-law	On the edge
"Honestly, some people . . ."	To be prom queen	First bride on stilts
"Swellsville!"	To search for the true European	Led astray
"Well, here we all are!"	To be married in three years	Still searching
"Soooooo!"	To drink all the Cokes in the world	Maintaining her status quo
"Hey, deah!"	To race at Sebring	Submerged
"Never have I been in a more unorganized state!"	To be a scientist	Palm Beach matron
"Oh, you have no sense of humor!"	A writer of jokes for Senior Scholastic	Married to an English lord
"Well, I think it's quite nice."	To elude the world of sports	A writer of jokes for Senior Scholastic
"Quick like a bunny!"	To be the mother of five great lumberjacks	The maternal wife of an Italian count
"Dream on, teenage queen!"	To pass driver's test	What she wants to be
"But, Mr. Knipp . . ."	To be an opera singer	On the dean's list
"Ummmmmmm"	To marry and sit munching potato chips before the T. V.	On the U. S. E. team
"It's the veritable truth!"	Cincinnati club woman	Vacillating
"Oh, what funsy!"	To fit in a sari	Social worker
"I don't know."	To be a creature of evil repute	Satisfied
"I tried so hard to get snowed!"	To marry a rich Harvard man and live in San Francisco	A good little girl
"Why not!"	To write hymns to the sun	Matriarch of Boston society
"Weenie!"	To get tan	Owner of vineyards in California
"Golly!"	To be sophisticated	Arthur Murray dancing teacher
"I'm so confused!"	To reorganize New York society	A reluctant débutante
"Toodle noodle!"	Firewoman	Patroness at a New York dance
"You have to learn your lines!"	To be on the Broadway stage	Firewoman
"Oh, come on!"	To live in a three-sided house on Telegraph Hill	Thwarting young men
		Living in a four-sided house in Milwaukee
"I just don't understand"	To marry someone like Jimmy	Reincarnated as a package of cookies
"Ach mir, ein grossen Schmerzen!"	To get on	Anemic



SELF-GOVERNMENT BOARD

Left to right, front row: Jane Kennedy, Alison Chase, Miss Watkins, Mary Dickerman, Becky Eckfeldt.
Back row: Polly Walker, Misty Stouffer, Lowell Belin, Nancy Johannsen, Ellen Brown, Lawrie Ryerson, Meg Libby.

STEWARD BOARD

Left to right, seated: Adele Brown, Nancy Johannsen, Becky Eckfeldt, Cynthia Johnson, Misty Stouffer, Debby Pease, Priscilla Bacon, Martha Hatch, Sally Derby, Tappy Lynn, Tyler Wilbur, Diana Walker, Connie Tenney, Isobel Hayes. *Standing:* Lawrie Ryerson, Sandra Rowe, Ellen Paul, Meg Libby, Ellen Brown, Bindy Keyser, Cynthia Schmidt, Jane Hamill, Judy Evans, Mary Dickerman.

EDITORIAL

SOCIETY has lately excused a man for committing perjury in front of a grand jury. Many people even praised him for his frankness in finally admitting that he had done wrong, and then these same people wonder why such a fuss is being made over the deterioration of American moral values. It is not the dishonesty itself, but the acceptance of such dishonesty—by mature people, too—that is disquieting. This is the society that we shall join when we graduate; to some extent its values may well be ours.

The blame for this lax moral attitude lies in intellectual laziness and sheer conformity. People—especially people our age—are inclined to behave as their group does in order to gain its acceptance. This gives them a certain security, but in conformity they lose the habit of choosing for themselves, preferring the line of least resistance to the more difficult course of individual decision. In this way, responsibility is shifted from a single person's shoulders to those of the group as a whole.

The city in Archibald MacLeish's famous play fell because masterless men sought to be free of their freedom. Freedom is an uneasy concept. A free man must be self-aware, for he is responsible for himself and to himself only. The United States, a nation founded on democracy, is pledged to the ideal of freedom, and today we must decide whether we are equal to carrying such a burden or not. If we are to emerge as individuals, not merely functioning machines, we must resist easy rationalization, and make decisions without the assurance that others will share the blame should the decision turn out to be wrong.

To discriminate among values is one of the most important things a school can give to its pupils. It must inspire the student to rise above group pressure and to have the courage of his convictions. In short, it must foster what is most central to education—the cultivation of right attitudes.

C. N. J.

CLASS SONGS—1960

BACON—"*Bacon Fat*"
BAILEY—"*Unfortunate Miss Bailey*"
BELIN—"*Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries*"
BROWN, A.—"*I Feel Pretty*"
BROWN, E.—"*You Tell Me Your Dreams and I'll Tell You Mine*"
CHASE—"*Teasing*"
DAWLEY—"*Swanee River*"
DERBY—"*The Lady Is a Tramp*"
DICKERMAN—"*I'm Just a Girl Who Cahn't Say No*"
EAVES—"*Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*"
ECKFELDT—"*Everybody's Got a Laughing Place*"
EVANS—"*Baby, It's Cold Outside*"
HOLLINGSWORTH—"*The Poor People of Paris*"
HUMPHREY—"*I Dream of Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair*"
HURLBUT—"*The Old Gray Mare*"
JOHANNSEN—"*I Got Plenty of Nuttin'*"
JOHNSON—"*I Enjoy Being a Girl*"
KENNEDY—"*Sunshine Girl*"
KEYSER—"*Splish, Splash, I Was Taking a Bath*"
LIBBY—"*Sophisticated Swing*"
LYNN—"*Oh No John, No John, No!*"
MYRIN—"*A Hunting We Will Go*"
PAUL—"*Young Blood*"
ROWE, N.—"*Abbadabba Honeymoon*"
ROWE, S.—"*Whole Lotta Shaking Going On*"
RYERSON—"*I Want To Be Evil*"
SANGER—"*I Happen to Like New York*"
SCHMIDT—"*Sweeter Than Wine*"
SKINNER—"*Born Too Late*"
STOUFFER—"*Tell Me Why*"
TENNEY—"*Oh Dear, What Can the Matter Be?*"
THOURON—"*Raunchy*"
WALKER, D.—"*It Was Just One of Those Things*"
WALKER, P.—"*The Night They Invented Champagne*"
WATTS—"*The Surrey With the Fringe on Top*"
WILBUR—"*Party Doll*"

THE FAIR PRINCESS AND THE FOWL SPELL

ONCE upon a time there was an unspeakably wicked king of a far away country. He lived in a black, frowning castle surrounded by a slimy green moat filled to the brim with cunning crocodiles and adorable alligators. They were all quite hungry because all good people hated the nasty king for his nastiness and avoided the castle whenever possible, falling rarely into the mouths of the frustrated reptiles.

The king lived alone in the huge, echoing castle with his two daughters. The elder, a peroxide blond, eloped at the age of fourteen with a traveling torture-instruments-and-thumb-screws salesman, so the younger daughter had to live on mournfully with Daddy. She was ravishing; she had skin as white as Kleenex, hair as red as a dragon's tongue, and lizard-green eyes behind her contact lenses. Her name was Marigold. Her purity was equalled only by her gentleness. She was very kindhearted and tended her father devotedly, bringing him his lizard elixir in the morning and his brimstone brew every night, exactly at midnight.

There was no central heating in the castle, and the plumbing was continually breaking down; but the clammy dungeons were perfect for breeding salamanders, and the king was in continual need of these for his diabolic spells (he was a prominent member of the International Society of Sorcerers). Supper over, his custom was to retire to the dungeons for a few hours of pleasant salamander baiting, after which he would climb to the topmost room of his tower and indulge in a night of spell weaving. Lightning would flash luridly from the tower as the king, wheezing with delight, would bend over a huge, black, bubbling pot, adding to it salamander eyes, bat wings, and other juicy mosels.

One fair morning Marigold sat, languishing, in the castle garden. The sun was golden, the sky was blue, the grass was green, the clouds were white, and her father was sleeping it off in his dark little room at the top of the tower. Suddenly an unbelievably handsome prince rode by on a white horse. He caught sight of the fair maiden and gulped.

"I say!" said the prince.

"Oooo!" said Marigold.

"I've just come back from a dragon hunting expedition, you know," said the prince in an offhand tone.

"Did you kill a lot of the nasty beasts?" shuddered Marigold, her face paling at the thought.

"About five," said the prince airily, examining the nail on his right index finger. (It had been broken in the heat of the encounter.)

"Oooo!" said Marigold again. "You must be frightfully brave!"

"Well, I am rather," said the prince, delighted to have found such an intelligent female.

They fell madly in love.

The prince decided that he must win this fair princess for his bride. Her evil father, of course, would never allow her to leave him, so an elopement was arranged for the next night. The prince gave her a lock of his hair, she gave him one of her contact lenses; they were officially going steady. They parted reluctantly, with many endearing caresses.

The castle was completely dark, black against the stars except for the little red eye of the king's window at the tip of his high tower as the prince crept towards it on the appointed night. After roaming about for a while and falling into the moat, he at last found the door and tiptoed in, whispering, "Marigold! Marigold! Wherefore art thou, Marigold? Dash it all, where in blazes are you, anyway?" Marigold, who was wandering around looking for him, unfortunately didn't hear, but the rats did. A large gray one clamped down viciously on the prince's big toe. With a piercing shriek, the prince leaped into the air, hopping about in agony, holding his wounded foot in both hands. He crashed into a suit of armor, grabbed at a tapestry to keep his balance, skidded twelve feet on the rug, and landed in a heap with the tapestry on top of him. The king appeared in a puff of green smoke, sternly turning on the lights. Marigold, the prince, and the king blinked at each other.

"Sssso!" said the king.

"Er . . . ah . . . well, you see, old chap . . ." said the prince.

"For this treachery, varlet," hissed the king, "I shall lay a foul spell upon you, only to be lifted by a kiss from the fair princess Marigold herself!"

He lifted his arms and started muttering to himself. A salamander fell from his sleeve. Suddenly the prince disappeared with a blinding flash, and a chicken perched precariously on top of the pile of tapestry.

"E-e-e-e!" screamed Marigold and swooned, narrowly missing the chicken, who ran squawking from the castle. The king chuckled contentedly to himself and shuffled back to his salamanders.

When Marigold recovered from her fainting fit, she resolved to set out on a tour of the chicken houses of the countryside, kissing every chicken she could lay hold of, until she found her beloved one. Accordingly she descended on a nearby farm early next morning, hair flying, eyes flashing, and demanded to kiss the chickens. The farmer took one look and barricaded himself and his family in the upstairs bedroom. Marigold made a beeline for the chicken houses. Forty-five minutes and seventy-three chickens later she emerged, somewhat rumpled. The chickens, cowering, huddled in a corner and laid no eggs for a week. Marigold, undaunted, pressed on to the next homestead.

Eventually, after kissing one thousand, nine hundred and sixty-three chickens, she hit the right one; and, with another blinding flash, her lover stood before her. Unfortunately, he had suffered such a psychological trauma from being forced to lay an egg that he was unable to say anything but "Cluck!" This tragedy would have driven the unhappy princess to a dramatic suicide, but a *deus* appeared *ex machina* and changed them both back into chickens before she could stab herself. The prince, therefore, became the typical henpecked husband, and they both lived happily ever afterwards.

CYNTHIA JOHNSON, '60

THE DOOR

Through the door
Lies a mass of
Interminable green.
Above it
Long white fingers
Claw the blue expanse.
Tall spires
Prick the dazzling blue
Which filters
Through the door.

SYBIL MILLER, '62

A DAY ON HARBOR ISLAND

Dawn creeps silently through the village,
Painting the slumbering bay.
Roosters, strutting the empty streets,
Announce the start of the day.

Barefoot boys run from houses,
Shouting with roguish glee.
Fishermen, thinking of chowder,
Set out on the open sea.

Gossiping housewives fill the stores
Sporting gay, spotted bandanas.
The town's old woman, tray on head,
Asks threepence per pound for bananas.

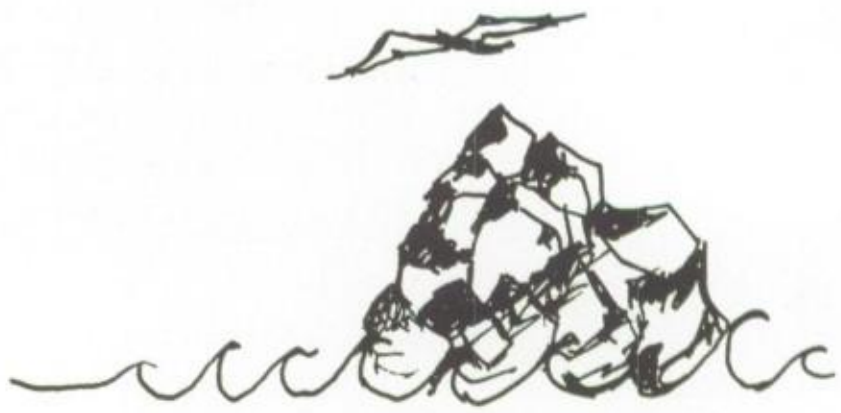
Beaches are covered with sun-burned folk
Building castles in the sand.
Swimmers far out in the salty ocean
Grab a ride on a wave to land.

At mid-afternoon comes the "Passing Jack"
Bearing the food and the mail.
The whole town rushes down to the dock
To peer eagerly over her rail.

At dusk the news spreads through the village:
"The Commissioner's out of town!"
And the murmur of evening is broken
By the fireworks shaking the ground.

At midnight all is peaceful;
But faintly, from far away,
Come the rhythmic chants of the Jumper Church,
As the people kneel to pray.

CYNTHIA MARTIN, '62



THE FORSAKEN SENTINEL

Beyond the shifting, silver sands,
A cliff juts out above the reef
That looks upon the changing sea
And scoffs the running tide beneath.

A lonely, forsaken sentinel,
Ever guarding the ocean's shore,
Ageless and tireless it stands as a watch
Meant to stand forever more.

One morning I walked down the golden beach
To watch the breakers foam in green;
I saw a crumbling heap of rock
Where the mighty cliff had been.

Cracked and broken lay the King
In all that remained of his majesty;
Above the wreckage a lonely gull
Croaked its love-song tunelessly.

The powerful things and the steadfast,
The great that never fall,
When defeated and left in ruin—
What happens to the small?

HELENA B. JOHNSON, '62

MAINSTAY OF THE VIEUX CARRE

THE *turistas*, nervously inhibited, self-consciously alert, converge into the illustrious Vieux Carré in multitudinous hordes. This conglomeration of traveling families, newly-weds, unmarried career women, businessmen, playboys, jazz-lovers, students, foreigners, is awaited avariciously by the welcoming residents of New Orleans—Royal Street antique dealers, headwaiters, cuisiniers, curio dealers, Bohemian artists, poetry readers, jazz players, streetwalkers, strippers, taxicab drivers, shopkeepers. The influx of tourists is received gratefully as a source of lucrative revenue and as an endless grab bag of amusement.

Esplanade Avenue, fashionable thoroughfare for wealthy parasol patronesses in former, better years, now is haunted by migratory, disillusioned novel readers, who unsuccessfully attempt to ignore the stripped-to-the-waist Poles bellowing plans for a poker soirée, precariously hanging out termite-infested doors. Our sadly resigned novel readers languidly shuffle blistered, aching feet toward the next stop on the guide map, the Café du Monde, where black coffee rich with chicory will increase further their bodily temperature in the sticky, damp climate. The Mississippi River itself, in its brown metallic, swirling majesty, is only five hundred yards away; what disappointment there will be when our novel readers see that a view of the famous river is obstructed by unalluring sheds and warehouses.

The graying father of seven shares with his unheeding brood his meager knowledge of Andrew Jackson, whose fame has been here immortalized in bronze. Nervously wiping his bald pate and brow with an already damp and sweaty handkerchief while guiltily groping in his mind for the date of Old Hickory's election to the Presidency, he is interrupted rudely by a seemingly innocent twelve year old Junior, one of our bald friend's seven, who renders his own blaring version of what Jackson might have said in battle. Mama and the remaining six discreetly walk on to the gate of Jackson Square, feigning interest in the steeple of the St. Louis Cathedral.

The expectant career girl, vacationing on the returns of two years of scrupulous saving, often is

to be found within the shabby walls of a heavily perfumed, dingy room, a greedy eyed, flamboyantly garbed gypsy reading the palm of her short nailed hand. The wistful eyed career woman hears predicted an optimistic future in the company of a man tall, dark and handsome. And our young woman re-enters the streets of the French Quarter

with renewed vigor, hopefully eyeing each young man who fits the none too specific qualifications.

Ninth grade students studying the area of the Mississippi Delta flock through the Cabildo, St. Louis Cathedral, Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop, not to mention notorious Bourbon Street, which will have to be traversed at some point, much to the dismay of their accompanying teachers, who are quite familiar with the legends surrounding Jezebel, Poodle's Patio, Archibald's, Wild Cat Frenchie's, Mambo Joe's, and Stormy's.

Visiting collegiates with their lusty college songs, team rallies, "hurricane glasses" from Pat O'Brien's, friendly slap-on-the-back greetings, dwindling bank accounts, cheerfully procrastinate dreaded classroom reality or the inevitable white-collar job. The more serious minded intellectuals and pseudo-intellectuals, complete with well-groomed goatees and discreet "shades", have come to spend hours listening to the jazz players. Occasionally they enthrall one another with readings of modern poetry to the soft trills of a flat-toned flute. Outside these dives, sightseeing groups of women representing home garden clubs, "ooh" and "ah" over the lovely pink and white azaleas, camellias, jasmine, palm trees in the jungle-like courtyards, dutifully concerned from time to to time about their husbands and children cooking their own grits and eggs.

Ah, the Vieux Carré is brimming with these and other types of outlanders. Tourist guides continue to point out the spot in which Tennessee Williams penned his celebrated *Streetcar Named Desire*, the site where Andrew Jackson overthrew the British forces under General Packenham, the museum sheltering glittering carnival costumes of past Mardi Gras queens. The Vieux Carré's residents perfunctorily continue to produce their welcoming smiles, play their famous Dixieland jazz, cook their renowned dishes, paint pictures and portraits. The tourists continue to cause traffic jams, misconstrue the kind policeman's directions, languish over café au lait, endure strange beds, adjust to new customs, add pictures to their travel scrapbooks. But when they leave, these visitors carry away with them a new uninhibited self-assurance.

MARILEE E. EAVES, '60

LA CHANSON

Ma vie est une joyeuse chanson,
Chantée par les oiseaux.
Dans la solitude je les entends.
Mon âme chante avec eux
Une chanson gaie, claire, et belle;
Ensoleillée, pure, et limpide.
Sans elle je n'existerai point.
Ma vie est une triste chanson,
Chantée par les humains.
Dans les villes je les entends.
Mon corps chante avec eux
Une chanson mélancolique;
Orageuse, lourde, et noire.
Sans elle je n'existerai point.

MARGOT CAMP, '61

AN HONORABLE CUSTOM

AGAINST the high, snow-bedecked mountain of Tsuchimo rises the structure of a modern American house. From the building's roof top a slightly self-conscious pagoda, departing abruptly from the American style, stretches up to the fluffy Japanese clouds. This dwelling is the abode of Mr. Peters, Darwin Peters, a retired business man recently moved to Japan.

Mr. Peters has made his residence here because of his wife Sarah. Sarah had always, for some inexplicable reason, loved Japan. She constantly had brought home to their house in New York delicate Japanese prints, screens, and artifacts. She had endeavored periodically to have dinner served on the low, living room coffee table while she and Darwin sat on cushions on the floor, clumsily eating chop suey with chopsticks. This had soon been discouraged by Mr. Peter's protests. After a demanding day at Dailey and Peter's Brokerage Firm, he much preferred sampling chicken foo-yung while seated comfortably on a chair.

Several years ago, just preceding her death, Mrs. Peters had succeeded in persuading Mr. Peters to take her to Japan. They had had a wonderful time. Riding in rickshas, ogling the great temples and Buddhas, admiring the contrasts of Tokyo and poor, quaint villages, eating exotic foods, talking with a few natives, and occasionally socializing with fellow tourists, they had spent two happy months. When Sarah died shortly thereafter, Mr. Peters in the initial shock of being alone and returning each night to a penetratingly quiet and empty house had supported himself with these memories. A year later he retired and, making a bold move, had built what had been his and Sarah's dream house near the village of Sukoo Fou under Mt. Tsuchimo in Japan. His daughter and son, both married, had promised to visit him in the summer. It was now the middle of February, though, and Mr. Peters felt a little lonely.

There was the houseboy Fung, whose last name Darwin could not pronounce; and Yakata, Fung's wife. It seemed that it was not proper for the master to associate very frequently with a woman servant such as Yakata, even if driven only out of desperation to talk to someone. Fung was an intelligent sort, but he was so polite it was difficult to indulge in jovial conversation with him. There were a few people in Sukoo Fou whom Mr. Peters smiled at and to whom he had been vaguely introduced, but he seldom saw them.

It was on a sunny morning, soon after a fiery orange sun had splendidly risen from behind the mountain, that little Fung greeted Darwin at breakfast with a small package and a polite, slightly reverent, "Happy Charlie Chan Day!" Darwin grinned at him and opened the package. Packed in a small Japanese box, painted with figures of gay, rotund Japanese men, were about ten squares of pale, amber colored candy. Darwin eyed it and sniffed, perhaps a bit suspiciously. A prompt and gentle "Try it, please" from Fung brought him out of his dubious reverie, and Mr. Peters popped a piece into his mouth. It was delicious. It contained a sort of sweet, airy spiciness Darwin had never tasted. He thanked Fung profusely, beaming contentedly on the little houseboy. "Velly welcome," declared Fung and cleared the first course.

When Fung returned with a second cup of tea, Darwin thought to ask him about "Charlie Chan Day" and who Charlie Chan was. Fung humbly explained that many, many years ago Charlie, whose likeness appeared on the box, had invented the amber candy. Chan, being generous, had made a batch of this confection every year from then on and had distributed it through the village. After Charlie had died, the ancient recipe had been preserved and the custom continued. Fung meekly suggested that his master send some candy and an invitation to dine to Mr. Kim Akou in the village. It was all part of the custom. Darwin, after a moment's meditation, jumped at the suggestion, and a few minutes later Fung left for Sukoo Fou on his mission.

Mr. Akou's houseboy accepted Mr. Peters's invitation and present and quickly transported them to his most respected master, who, upon receipt of them, sighed, looked at his appointment book, and found, unfortunately, that he was to dine at the Mayor's pagoda. He summoned his domestic and ordered him to carry his apologies, some candy, and a gift to Mr. Peters.

That afternoon at luncheon Fung gave Darwin Mr. Akou's presents and, regretfully, his refusal. Darwin, disappointed, had just begun to sink into another reverie when Fung interrupted: it was a Japanese custom when one received a gift to make a return—with a little extra added for

courtesy's sake. As Mr. Akou had given him a small elephant carved out of a material resembling ivory, Mr. Peters charged his houseboy to buy a set of those specially contrived chopsticks and present them to Mr. Akou.

Fung did so. Mr. Akou's retainer took them to his master, and Kim was favorably impressed. In fact, he ordered that his servant buy the porcelain bowl in Ling Wang's shop window and deliver it to Mr. Peters, for Kim had received two gifts and had sent but one.

Darwin was amazed when he saw the bowl. This Japanese custom, or Mr. Akou's courtesy, or perhaps even Mr. Akou seemed to be getting out of hand. It was amusing, though, as long as it did not continue much further. Mr. Akou, he reflected, might well be offended if a gift was not given in return. A small tea set would fit the purpose.

Kim was beginning to be unnerved. One must be courteous, and it is gracious and pleasant to be polite—but a tea set . . . However, but one choice was left for a true Japanese. Mr. Akou sent to Mr. Peters two dogwood trees, saplings, which would be decorative growing by Mr. Peters's new house.

Darwin was indeed astonished when Fung brought in the two trees. Recovering slowly, he thought to himself that no human alive, no American at any rate, had ever received such courtesy as this. He, Mr. Darwin Peters, would not be the one to fail this challenge.

Late that very afternoon Mr. Akou received an old and beautiful Japanese print, skillfully executed. Kim looked at it admiringly, but when his boy told him that it had arrived with the good wishes of Mr. Peters, he became wide-eyed with wonder. This could not go on. Kim sent the boy to the Mayor's pagoda and said that he was indeed apologetic and regretful, but as the result of unforeseen happenings he could not dine with the esteemed man.

That evening Fung ushered in Mr. Akou. Darwin, surprised, greeted him cordially and bade Mr. Akou sit down. They carried on a polite conversation for a few minutes, and then Mr. Akou stated the actual reason for his presence. He admired the print exceedingly, but it was too magnificent for him to accept. He declared that Darwin's observance of the Japanese gift giving custom was admirable, but . . . Mr. Peters laughed and acknowledged that perhaps courtesy had been carried too far. He quickly suggested that Kim stay for dinner.

Darwin and his guest had an agreeable meal. They smiled and chuckled over the day's events and complimented each other on the choice of gifts. They discussed Mr. Peters moving to Japan, his old business, Sukoo Fou, and Kim's interests. Mr. Akou departed from Darwin's house well past midnight, issuing an invitation, in turn, to Darwin. Darwin stood at the doorway and waved good-night to his friend. Then he retired to bed and very happily ate a piece of Charlie Chan candy.

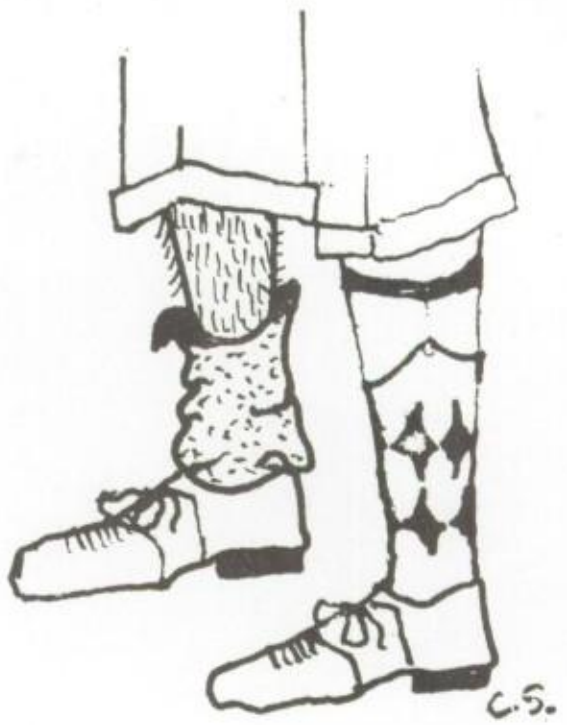
CORNELIA BIDDLE, '62

THE EVERGLADES

Enormous, wet, stretch out the Everglades,
And white and yellow water lilies bloom
Surprisingly among the saw grass blades
That flourish in the muck where headlands loom
Above the waste. The twisted banyans grow,
Providing perches for the cool egret
Or red-necked buzzard who looks out below
Untiringly for death, without regret.
Here death and life go on as once they did
Across the whole of earth, in fetid heat
And sunny, steaming silence; here amid
The grasses, cycles changelessly repeat.
When man intrudes, he finds an ancient pace;
Fourscore and ten means little in this place.

DIANA WALKER, '60

GARTERS



"A woman isn't dressed unless her legs are, too." What an effective stab into the carefree heart of a woman who, at the first sign of summer and browned legs, sheds her stockings as a newly colored Cecropia moth sheds his ugly and confining cocoon! This outright statement of a criterion that is far from universal among the ladies of the synthetic stocking age was obviously contrived by some misogynist Madison Avenue darling, who, annoyed at the prospect of a long, hot summer in his nine by nine office on the sixteenth floor of Doherty, Clifford, Steers and Shenfield, Inc., plotted to strike fear—that awful fear of impropriety—into the hearts of womankind.

No woman can passively acquiesce to a fate so uncomfortable and so expensive. I estimate that ninety-one summer days, with evenings of gaiety counteracting mornings of sport or slumber, as the case may be, entail the use of approximately seventy-five pairs of nylon stockings—they run easily despite "ironwear", clear nail polish, and other redeeming improvisations—at $1.95 a pair. When one considers the hunger and deprivation in the world today, $146.35 spent on virtually invisible and inadequate leg covering is blasphemous. But I digress.

We woman must retaliate. We must devise an equally clever slogan—a slogan that forces the momentarily self-satisfied, clothes conscious male to reconsider and re-examine himself. "What is he doing in Cartiers? He's not even wearing garters!" To attain the desired effect, this doggerel must be spoken—the printed word cannot do it justice. And it must be spoken by an exceptional woman—chic, attractive, and literate: in fact, so literate that "garters" almost rhymes with "Cartiers."

At first, the male of our species will guffaw. Garters went out with the double-breasted suit. But women considered stockings in summer antiquated until that nude legs ad came along and disillusioned them. Soon the males will merely chortle, "Garters are unnecessary; we wear long pants." Then they will only snicker; and finally they will avoid all mention of our silly slogan, but it will dwell in their "id". When they go out for lunch with their associates from Doherty, Clifford, Steers and Shenfield, Inc., their eyes will unconsciously wander to their associates' trouser cuffs. "Does Joe, or doesn't Joe?" And one day our victim, once so confident and secure, will discover that Joe, the boy he grew up with, the boy he joined the New Canaan Country Club right after, the boy who convinced him to take "the wife" to Palm Beach for Easter, just became a junior partner—and Joe wears garters!

I do not mean to sneer at garters. The secure well-dressed man has worn garters all his life. It is for the betterment of those who feel dressed without them that we write this ad: "What is he doing in Cartiers? He's not even wearing garters." The merits of garters justify our underhanded means of introducing them to the masses. If our ultimate end is to be achieved—that is, every man whether yellow, black or white; whether small, medium, or large; whether a graduate of Harvard, Oxford, or Utah State wears sox held taut by garters—any and every method must be employed.

PRISCILLA BACON, '60

THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT

WELL, I guess it were long 'bout midnight it 'appened. We was spendin' the night at me gran'father's 'ouse, 'avin' just celebrated 'is seventy-fifth year upon this earth, and it were snowin' real hard. Ol' Granpa 'ad long since turned in wearin' the nightshirt 'e saved for such special occasions. We young'uns used to catch 'im in a draughty spot now and then, and the Lord 'elp me if it didn't go billerin' out like one o' them tents we seen at the circus. Me gran'father was very proud of that nightshirt. "If'n the Lord calls me in the middle of the night, I'll be goin' forth to me judgment lookin' good an' proper," 'e says.

The clock 'ad jus' 'bout struck twelve, when a terrible crash was to be 'eard from the kitchen downstairs. Me Aunt Bessie sprung from 'er bed an' 'eaded for the bathroom where she locked 'erself up good an' turned on the water to scare off them evil spirits. Me father threw open 'is door an' 'opped down the hall, stuck all upside down in 'is trousers. (Always tries to dress well, me father does.) 'Bout the time me father reaches the 'ead of the stairs, Granpa come rushin' at 'im and tackled 'im 'bout the knees. So there they was, fightin' in the dark and 'eaven knows what goin' on downstairs. And pretty soon me Aunt Bessie, dyin' o' curiosity spite of 'erself, tries the lock. Well, the tub's overflowin' and the key's jammed. "I'll be drownin' for sure, Johnny," she shrieked at me father, sloshin' roun' like a woman possessed. But me father answered not a word, so engrossed was 'e 'bout 'is business.

Pretty soon even me Uncle 'Arry were roused up outer 'is bed. (Gotta fine likin' for ale, me Uncle 'as.) Well, 'e sizes up the situation, smiles sickly an' 'eads for the bathroom, an' that's the last we seen of 'im that night. Aunt Bessie's well nigh 'ysterical by now, so she throws open the bathroom window and climbs out onto the roof of the porch. And there she sits with 'er nightgown flappin' wetly, lookin' just like one of them snow fairies, an' shoutin', " 'elp, 'elp!" with all the breath of 'er body.

Well, me little sister Irma was never one to let a situation go to waste, so she ups with 'er bow an' arrows an' starts ascreamin' some Comanche yell she got off one them cereal packages, shootin' 'er arrows left and right. Pretty soon me father an' me gran'father begin to look just like one of them porcupines I read about. When me father made a lunge or me gran'father aimed a kick, Irma's arrows would poke the two of them in tender spots and soon me father and me gran'father begins to see it were foolish to keep strugglin'. So me gran'father cries for a truce and me father turns on the light to see who were who. "Well, I'll be!" says me father, an' they both turn their 'eads slowly towards the stairs and the terrible blackness below. Even Irma had stopped 'er yellin' and were quietly pokin' me with a hat pin off me Aunt Bessie's Sunday bonnet.

Then there were a noise downstairs, an' a ghastly form 'gin to climb up the stairs. Seems no one could reach the closet fast enough. There we all sat in fear an' tremblin'. I was bein' crucified 'gainst me Uncle 'Arry's snowshoes when the door were flung open, an' a voice said, "Well, look at the lot of you!" an' I'll be blessed if it weren't me own dear sainted mother standin' there. "Some branch caught too much snow, crashed right through the kitchen window, it did," she says, calm as you please.

Well, me gran'father 'as never forgiven me mother for givin' 'im such a scare; ripped 'is good nightshirt, 'e did, 'gainst one of me father's bear traps which were hangin' in the closet. As for me Aunt Bessie, she slipped off the roof an' landed right in one of them rose bushes which me gran'father were awful particular 'bout and to this day there has never been another rose on that bush. Ol' Aunt Bessie in 'er billowin' nightgown was the biggest bloom it could ever 'ope to bear.

A. LAWRIE RYERSON, '60

"I AIN'T GONNA STUDY WAR NO MORE."

THE old Negro came to the rotten, once whitewashed steps of the old mansion and called to the figure on his chestunt mount, coming up the road. The slow, limping gait of the horse betrayed the great fatigue of the horse and its rider.

"Hey, dere! What d'ya want? De master ain't here!"

The smartly dressed though disheveled young man in frock coat and shining boots dismounted facilely and stood at the bottom of the steps, making his full height plainly visible to the Negro. Then he spoke in a deep, resonant voice, "Where is he?"

"Suh, mah master went off to the war fahve years ago, and he ain't been home since. The Missus neither—a bunch o' Yankee raiders come an' carried her an' the chillun away, an' I suppose killed 'em some place. We ain't heard from none o' them since, an' me an' mah fam'ly jest sorta waitin' an' hopin' for one of 'em to come back. P'raps his oldest boy done gone up North—mebbe he'll come back, though he done been gone seben years."

"What was your master's name?"

"It was Moffat, suh—Mr. James Gordon Moffat, and the name of this here plantation is Lemon Hill."

"It must have been a beautiful estate, but the war has left its mark. I've been riding since daybreak from Charleston and I should like to reach Savannah by evening. This is the only place I have come upon that was not completely destroyed. Would you give me a bit to eat and some water for my horse? I'll be on my way after that."

"Sure, suh. Ah'll jest go in an' get mah wife to fix you a little something."

The old Negro traversed the creaking porch and went inside the decadent though imposing old house. The young man looked about him, his eyes resting on the vacant stables; the chicken coop, which now housed only a few scrawny birds; the fields, once full of cotton but now yielding only a meagre supply of vegetables—enough to keep the few remaining Negroes half alive; and the boxwoods, brown, scraggly, and unkempt —perhaps in themselves the saddest hint of past

grandeur, for these bushes are the proudest possessions of a Southern home. The sun, now at its zenith, scorched everything exposed to its burning rays.

The white-haired ancient soon reappeared on the porch with a bucket of water in one hand and a bowl of grits and spoonbread in the other. He extended both to his guest. After the young horseman had finished drinking from the bucket, the Negro took it from him and gave it to the chestnut mare, tied to one of the columns half eaten away by dry rot. The mare quaffed the water as greedily as had the stranger. Soon he was on her back again after having graciously thanked the kind old Negro.

The hooves grated on the gravel path. Before the house was out of sight, the rider reached into his pocket and pulled out of it a small, silver miniature case. He dug his fingernail into the side and opened it to look at the pictures of a handsome, dark-haired man and a strikingly beautiful woman. Then he shut it swiftly and gazed at the inscription on the outside, "J. G. M. to T. J. M., June 2, 1858." He looked at the Negro under the sagging entablature as he took a last look behind, then he spurred on the mare around the bend.

LEA CARSON, '61

THE CHICAGO FIRE

The day was hot with a wind from the west,
Chicago was buzzing and at her best.
In a poor, dingy barn on the west side of town,
And old yellow cow kicked a lantern down.
Orange flames, yellow flames, licked at the floor,
And Mrs. O'Leary ran for the door.
The fire caught on a building nearby;
A reddish glow tinged the evening sky.
From house to house the red scourge spread,
And down to the water the people fled.
The fire raged on throughout the night,
In vain was the firemen's hard, brave fight.
When dawn came up with a wind from the west,
Charred death was Chicago's only guest.

NANCY RYERSON, '63

CLASS CHARACTER—1960

MOST

Naïve
Stouffer, Johnson, Ryerson, Hurlbut

Conservative
Bailey, Evans

Vacillating
Libby, Humphrey

Nimble
Lynn, Skinner, Tenney, D. Walker

Meticulous
Derby

Missed
2 Delanos, Ryerson, Cutler, Sedgewick, Shepherd, Hunting, Malone, Wheatland, Emmett

CLASS

Clown
N. Rowe

Débutante
Paul

Coquette
Schmidt

Procrastinator
Ryerson

Master Mind
Humphrey

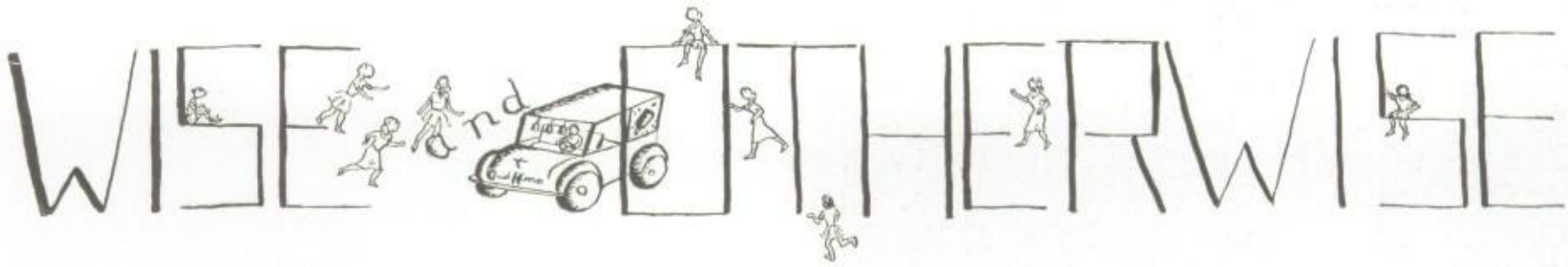
P. T. A. Prospect
Myrin

Helen of Troy
P. Walker

Snow Prom Queen
Kennedy

Milkmaid
Keyser

Rapunzel
Hollingsworth, Dickerman



CERBERUS*

April is the cruelest month,
Green Spring receiveth
The vacant earth;
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Western Bay.
In a time like ours seemings and portents signify.
Ours is a generation when dogs howl and the
Skin crawls on the skull with its beasts'
foreboding.
Beware the savage cur, my girl!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch—
My nerves are bad tonight.
I went out at the eastern gate:
I never thought to return
Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread
Because he knows a fearful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
The savage cur with eyes aflame
Came whiffling through the fulgey wood
And burbled as it came.
Then I saw the monster, creeping through the
Black.

Cutting through the meadow with a muddy track,
The savage monster desired therein
to plunge me, though guiltless against him was I,
one out of many. It was not to be,
for I stood upright in my wrath and faced him.
Can the rough stuff
his bearded jowls
Are greasy and black; pot-bellied, talon-heeled,
He clutches and flays and rips and rends the souls
The crowd shrieks . . . she's reaching the
courtyard . . .
she's climbing the stairs . . . Others are following:
five: ten . . .
hundreds are following . . . crowding the
stairway . . .
She looks back.
The blood the virgin's cheek forsook
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look,
"You must never go down to the end of the lane
Without first consulting me!"

S. R. and P. B.

ROOMY BLOOMER

Sally Goomer,
Girl consumer,
Spread a most amazing rumor
As her chubby stomach grew more.
"Nothing beats a roomy bloomer,
Sturdy cotton fabric fair,
Ne'er a button pop or tear,
Needs no tender loving care.
Surely it's a garment rare.
O praises to the joyous bloomer!"
Cried the carefree girl consumer.

P. B., '60

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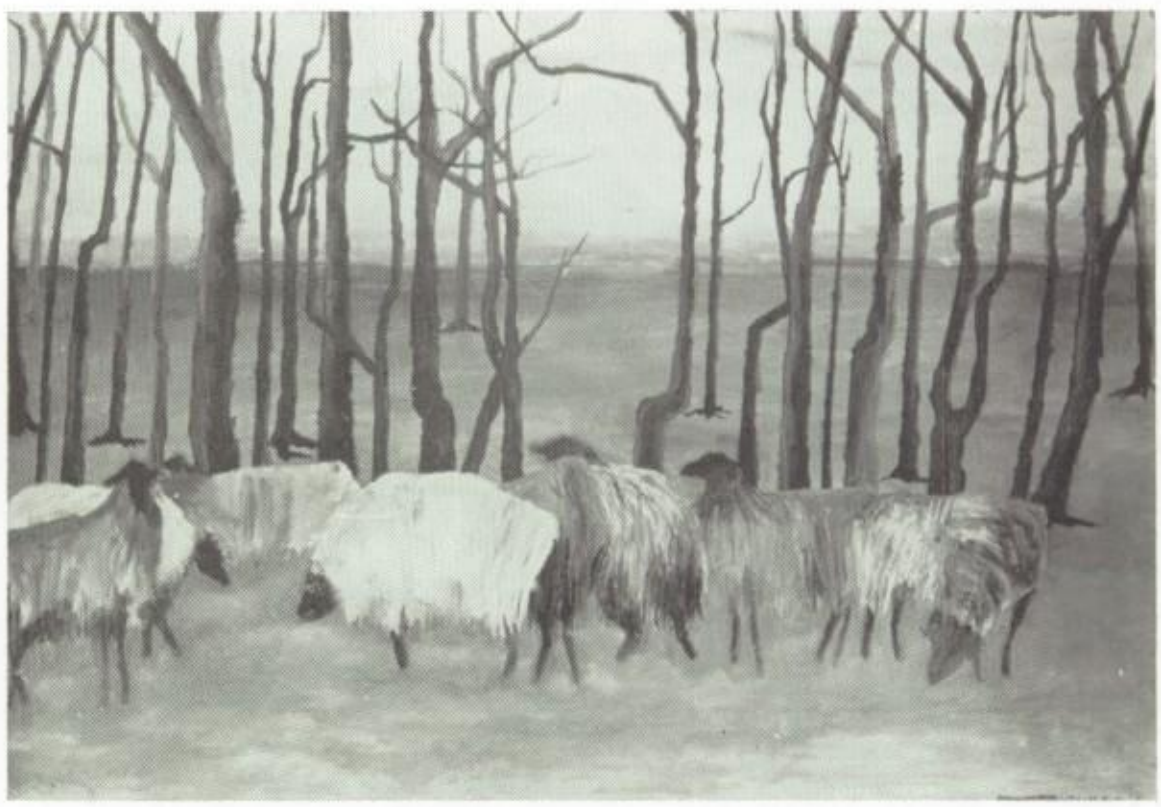
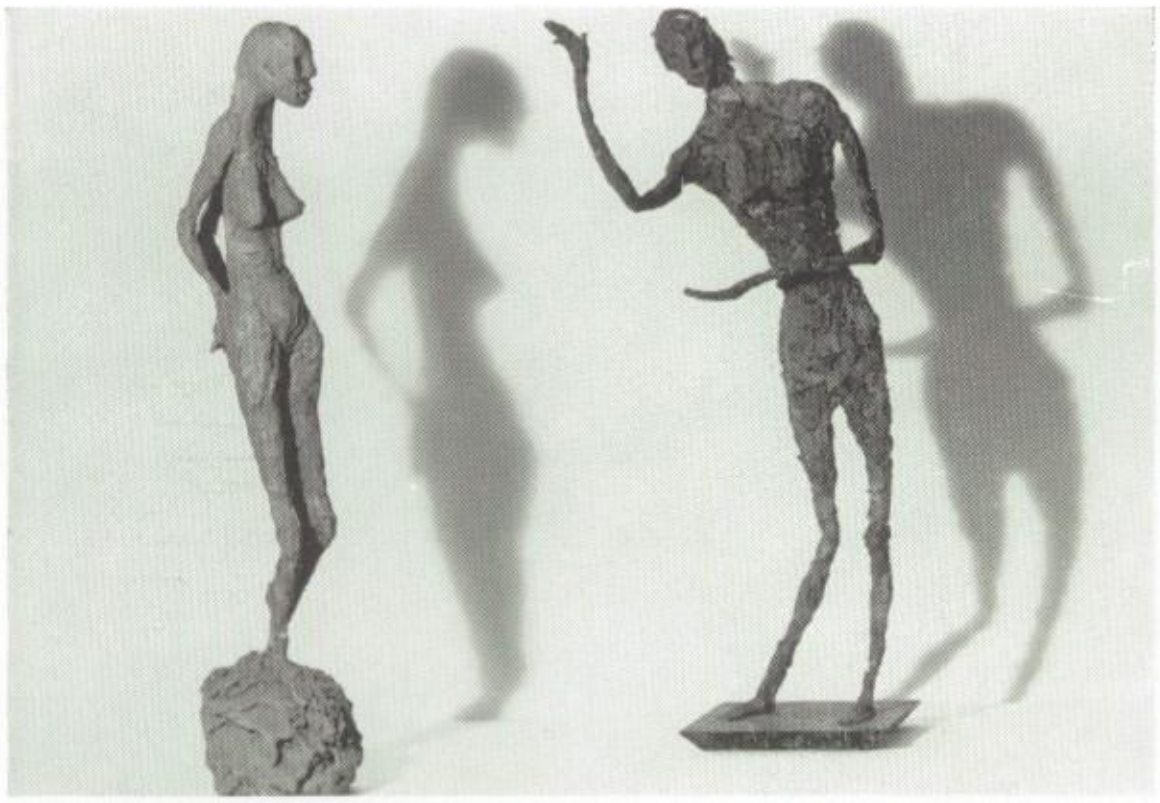
*With apologies to Eliot, Ch'ü Yüan, Milton, MacLeish, Carroll, Coleridge, Lindsay, Beowulf, Sandburg, Dante, Pope, and Milne.

Lawrie Ryerson's delightful wire figures express, as well as a joyous spirit within her, a great skill and dexterity.



Cynthia Schmidt has painted a definition of Friday afternoon.

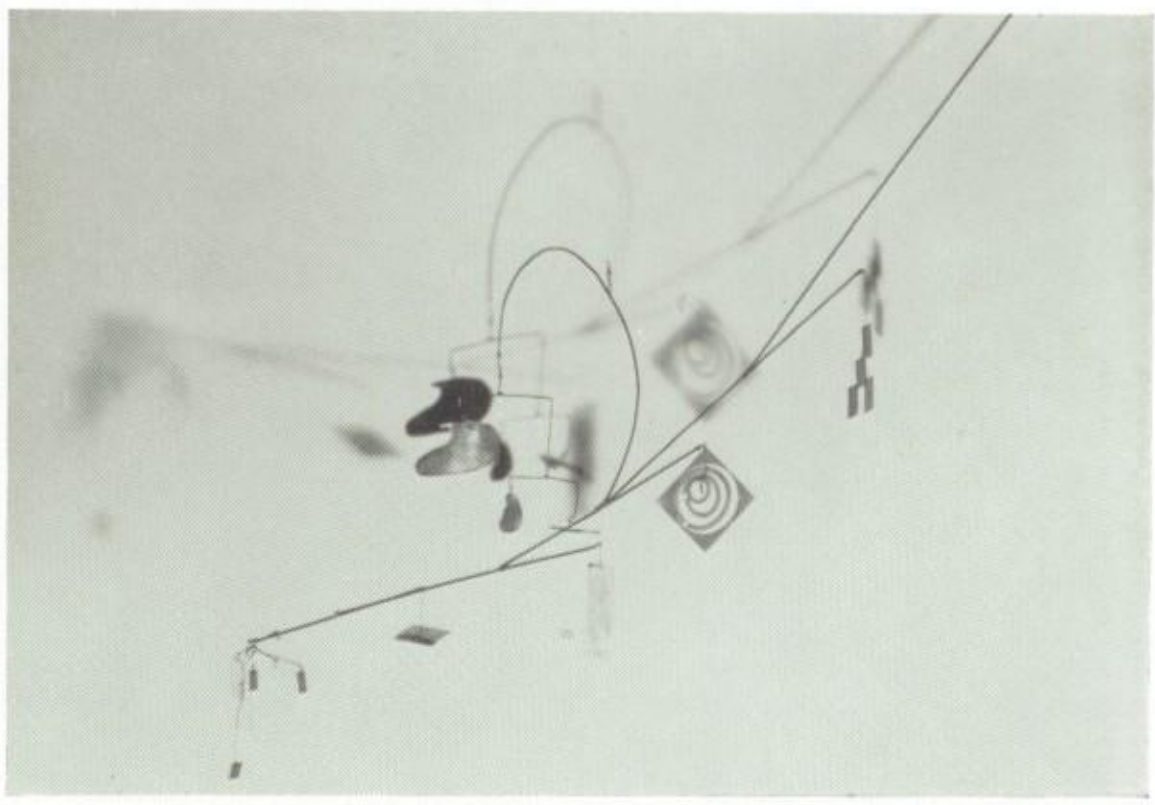


Ellen Paul's figures depict a certain emptiness in modern man.

With a laundry marking pen, Holly Houghton rhythmically conveys her knowledge of horses in motion.

Karin Myrin's effective juxtaposition of light and dark areas creates a dramatic atmosphere.

Bindy Keyser has pierced a momentary hole in space with this mobile.



ALUMNAE

ENGAGEMENTS

Elinor Ketting (1952) to William Frederick Ogden, Jr.

Kay Diane Moore (1953) to John Laing Bowles.

Gerd Krohn Morris (1955) to Charles Brown Grace, Jr.

Rebecca Darlington Stoddard (1957) to B. Albert Stern, Jr.

Katharine Townsend Ducey (1958) to Rodney Danforth Hardy.

Wendy Wade (ex. 1958) to Charles F. Benson.

MARRIAGES

Eleanor Whitney Lloyd (1928) to Robert J. Hamershlag, September 19, 1959.

Sally Baldwin Lambert (1951) to Charles Francis Morgan, February 27, 1960.

Jean Mailliard Bodrero (1954) to Charles Robert Green, January 23, 1960.

Alice Burwell Reed (1956) to Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire, Jr., April 23, 1960.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Insley B. Pyne (Elizabeth Fish, 1930) a son, Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Elim O'Shaughnessy (Mary Cutler, 1940) a son, Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Allen (Ann-Page Platt, 1942) a daughter, Abigail Brewster.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Claiborne, Jr. (Catherine Robertson, 1946) a son, William Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hogeland, Jr. (Elizabeth Webster, 1947) a son, David Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Burwell (Letitia Pearre, 1950) a son, Christopher Peale.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrison N. Valentine (Margo Weeks, 1950) a daughter, Elizabeth Post,

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Parachini (Moonyeen Willy, 1950) a daughter, Alessandra Maria.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Stratton (Helen Elting, 1953) a son, John Elting.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Chadwell, Jr. (Ellen English, 1957) a son.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Howard F. Stick (Rosalie Reynolds, 1957) a son, Howard Edward Morgan.

REUNION WEEK

On Wednesday evening, May 4th, the Alumnae arrived some fifty strong to entertain the Faculty at a sherry party in honor of Miss Kautz and Mlle. Quémet before the buffet supper and the evening's entertainment given by the school. Miss Colquitt's French classes presented a short play, *Le Petit Prince*, starring Wendy Coppedge. Its background of starry skies was replaced by the magnificent medieval boudoir of *Bluebeard*, the Choral Club's operetta, in which Lawrie Ryerson took the part of Bluebeard and Cynthia Johnson, the part of his wife-to-be. Within five minutes of its conclusion, the curtain was raised on the first act of *Our Town*, a performance by the Dramatic Club. The Sixes were then invited by the Alumnae Board of Governors to join them for refreshments.

Thursday, Alumnae Day, was gloriously warm in honor of Miss Pennington's fiftieth reunion and the arrival of even more St. Timothyites. After quick tours of the school grounds, the Alumnae and the Sixes sat down to luncheon. Mrs. Lamont, president of the Alumnae Association, gave a short welcoming speech, recognizing the classes who were having special reunions at this time. Each one of these classes presented a gift to the Endowment Fund. Immediately after luncheon, the group gathered in the Assembly Room. Following the singing of the school hymn, Mrs. Lamont opened the meeting with the school prayer. Reports by the Treasurer, the Scholarship Chairman, the Bulletin Editor, the Baby Alumnae Governor, and the Alumnae Librarian were submitted. Miss Watkins gave a persuasive talk, which was followed by one from Mrs. Lamont, after which reports from the vigorous Branches in various cities concluded the meeting. Bidding the Alumnae goodbye, the Sixes looked forward to continued participation in this enthusiastic association.

FACULTY AND STAFF

Left to right, front row: Miss Leake, Mrs. French, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Warner, Miss Glenn, Mrs. Jarrett, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Lisle, Miss Curran.

Middle row: Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Shipley, Miss Hollman, Mrs. DeGrange, Miss Marshall, Miss Low, Mrs. Wise, Miss Hood, Mr. Lisle.

Back row: Mr. Knipp, Miss Bement, Mrs. Schroeder, Mr. Webster, Mrs. Rasin, Miss Watkins, Mrs. Randolph, Miss Colquitt, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Gatchell, Mrs. Carritt, Mlle. Quémet, Miss Kautz, Miss Pennington.

Missing: Miss Felton, Mrs. Finnegan, Mr. Griesinger, Mlle. Soubigou, Miss Wakeman.

CLIPPINGS

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

On Sunday, December 13th, the Choral Club, Choir, and Sextette, conducted by Mrs. Shipley and accompanied by Mrs. Lezec, presented to the school, faculty, and guests, their Christmas Concert. Choral sang *Break Forth O Beauteous Heav'nly Light, O Harken Ye, Mary Had a Baby,* and *March of Turenne.* The Choir sang *Hark! Bethlehem, The Snow Lay on the Ground* with solos by Bindy Keyser, head of Choral, and Cynthia Johnson, head of Choir, *The Dream of Mary, Sweet Baby Sleep,* and *Hasten Shepherds,* accompanied by Alston Walker on the castanets, Martha Steele on the tambourine, and Muffie Brown on the hand cymbals. Choral then gave a surprise Christmas present to Miss Watkins and Mrs. Shipley by singing *The Twelve Days of Christmas* and by having Bindy Keyser sing *Silent Night.* Sextette was led by Misty Stouffer, its head, in *Here We Come A-Wassailing, Lo! How a Rose E'er Blooming,* and *Ding Dong Merrily on High.* The concert was brought to a climax by a stirring arrangement of *For unto Us a Child is Born* from Handel's *Messiah,* which was sung by the whole Choral Club. The program was then concluded by Choral wishing everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in song, after which punch and cookies were served in the hall.

DR. DOCHERTY

On Sunday evening, January 10th, Dr. George Docherty, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, accompanied by his mother and Mrs. Docherty, came to speak to us. Those of us who were here last year had the privilege of hearing him speak last winter, and this visit of his proved no less enjoyable. During supper he willingly answered questions which were posed to him by the Fives and Sixes at his table. After supper he delivered a short talk which dealt primarily with the advisability of young people re-examining and questioning current issues and seeking for knoweldge. After prayers and the reading of the gospel, he joined a sizable group in the library for a discussion period. He answered a variety of questions in a very satisfying way, and it was particularly pleasant to hear him speak because of his Scottish accent.

SEMINAR

On Friday the 15th and Saturday the 16th of January, the Sixes held their seminar on "Our Neighbors—Mexico and Canada." The first speaker was Mr. William Wieland, Director of the Office of Caribbean and Mexican Affairs. To begin with, Mr. Wieland gave a short resumé of the history of the Caribbean area, how it had for centuries been a cowering serf to greedy European nations and how it had finally won its independence in the 1820's. Mr. Wieland stated that the first step toward inter-American affinity was the Monroe Doctrine which in 1820 protected the new republics from European agression. The next important step was the Act of Chapultepec, Mexico, the first mutual defense pact of the Americas. By 1947, the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro, a regional defense agreement, later a model for NATO, came into being. Mr. Wieland said that the Organization of American States, chartered in Bogotá, Columbia in 1948 by twenty-one American republics, had done most for the promotion of solidarity between the several nations. Actually the basic principles of mutual cooperation and reciprocal assistance, which are the foundation of the inter-American regional system, existed long before the formal establishment of the system and received their earliest expression at the Congress of Panama in 1826.

Mr. Wieland went on to discuss the relation of the United States with Mexico and Cuba. He pointed out that Mexico's attitude toward us is now extremely friendly since we accept her on a basis of equality. Mr. Wieland holds a very optimistic view towards Cuba. Having lived there for years and having married one of its citizens, he has had a better chance than most to study the existing situation in Cuba with considerable thoroughness. He is convinced that the United States wants the best for the people of Cuba, but that this country also wants Cuba to realize its responsibility to the O. A. S. in their economic endeavors.

After his talk Mr. Wieland was bombarded with questions concerning many points he had only touched upon. These he handled tactfully in the discreet manner of the State Department. He concluded with an introduction of the next speaker, His Excellency Dr. Antonio Carrillo Flores, Ambassador from Mexico.

Aside from exciting us with his presence, Ambassador Flores gave us a most charming and personal discourse on his country, as well as a quick summary of Mexico's history. His Excellency spoke briefly but proudly of the significance of the Mexico Revolution and the basic principles of the 1917 Constitution. He stressed the progress made in the last twenty-five years in irrigation, agricultural output, and economic stability in Mexico. The bulk of the discussion period centered about the relations of the United States and Mexico concerning industry, space studies, border control, political theory, and education. The common bonds between these two countries are ideals, purposes, and economic intercourse. The whole discussion proved very reassuring and encouraging, and we are deeply indebted to His Excellency for appearing before us.

Our first speaker on Canada was Mr. Delmar Carlson of the United States Department of State. As he has been connected with the State Department for only a short time, he was somewhat cautious in answering our questions. He spoke of many aspects of United States and Canadian cooperation, stressing as most important the economic and military relations of the two countries. Mr. Carlson referred to the three major United States radar lines for defense which would have been impossible to build without Canadian financial assistance. Then he mentioned the large proportion of United States money which is invested in Canadian industry. He concluded by discussing at some length the St. Lawrence Seaway, the greatest engineering feat between the two countries.

Mr. Farquharson, Press Counsellor from the Canadian Embassy, gave a most interesting account of the history of Canada and of many aspects of its contemporary society. As a background for his dissertation, he described the early relations between the United States and Canada, and concluded with some of the effects the United States has had on Canada. The dominance of United States culture in Canada because of radio and television broadcasts has led to an effort on the part of the Canadian government to promote an independent Canadian culture through improved educational facilities so as to discourage students from leaving Canada in search of an American education. At the close of his talk, he agreed to answer questions on the influence of the Catholic church in Canada, the Canadians' attitude toward the United States' racial problem, Canada's political system, its economic progress, and its foreign policy.

Everyone present seemed to agree that the seminar had been of great benefit to the students in disseminating knowledge concerning the countries under discussion. The Sixes are very grateful to St. Timothy's for affording them this very worthwhile opportunity.

SIXES' OPEN DISCUSSION

On the evening of January 25th, amidst waves of doubt and derision, Mr. Lisle conducted an open discussion in which we Sixes participated. This new project was instigated by our resourceful Mr. Lisle as a way to stimulate our seemingly stagnant intellects. The topic for this first seminar was one which was deliberately made too general for any easy solution or all round agreement to be achieved—"The United States and the World in the Next Five Years." Five of the Sixes prepared brief introductory talks in order to provoke thought in various fields such as economics, politics, technology, society, and culture. As the discussion got under way, one or another of the Sixes brought up such topics as modern art, the absurdity of the international arms race, the problems of suburbia, juvenile delinquency, and American culture. Ellen Paul wittily concluded our gathering with a quotation from the late Albert Camus, "This world is absurd."

THE SIXES' WASHINGTON TRIP

On Wednesday, February 24th, the Sixes took their class trip to Washington for the day. We went first to the Senate building to sit in on committee meetings. One group listened to a discussion on space involving Russian as well as American aims in that respect. Another group attended a hearing on the drug industry and later visited a meeting involving defense. The whole group joined together to hear a talk by an authority on the Middle East.

We journeyed back to the new Senate building for luncheon in the cafeteria. We had a very exciting moment when Mrs. Warner was called to the telephone by Senator Keating. After luncheon, we visited the Senate in the hope of hearing an interesting session but were disappointed to find that a filibuster had just begun on the Civil Rights Bill. Mrs. Warner then suggested that we go to the Supreme Court where cases on Social Security and copyrights were being heard. Afterwards, the youngest Justice, Mr. Potter Stewart, spoke to us on the background of the Supreme Court.

It was agreed by all as we returned to St. Timothy's that the trip had been both instructive and enjoyable.

MR. SIMS

On Monday, March 4th, the Reverend Bennett Sims, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, addressed the student body on the subject of marriage. He pointed out that the essence of marriage is giving and that a husband and wife must be able to give all of themselves in order to achieve a sound union. He stated that marriage is existential or real and compared it to the cartoon character, Charlie Brown, in contrast to Dick Tracy, who always succeeds. Afterwards Mr. Sims led an informal discussion on love and the problems young people are confronted with in relation to it. As well as being amused by Mr. Sims' charming wit, we were greatly impressed by his frankness and appreciative of his visit.

ART NEWS

Several exhibitions have bedecked the second storey of Fowler House recently; and, with the addition of new ceiling lights, the displays were set off to better advantage. The first one was made up of Canadian landscapes and reproductions of Aztec statues, and Mexican paintings were displayed toward the end of January. The purpose of the exhibit was to acquaint the school with "our neighbors to the north and south" with whom the Sixes' seminar was concerned. After we were sufficiently conversant with Mexico and Canada, in early February an exhibit of our own paintings was hung. There were many interesting experiments with palette knife, pen and ink, and eraser cut and dipped in ink then used to print. The display following this one showed considerable ability to interpret a leotard clad model in charcoal. Much attention was devoted to form and line, so much so that many of the observers were awed by the number of interpretations of the single model.

A show on Archaic Greek Sculpture from 700 to 480 B. C. was posted in early April. Photographs of heads of godesses, bas-reliefs on steles, decapitated trunks, animal figures, and a statuette of a man carrying a ram conveyed the direct, simple, and naively sensual spirit of the early Greeks. Bas-reliefs of warriors revealed their competence in the field of anatomy. Although at first glance, the facial and body characteristics appeared rather stiff, on closer inspection one perceived the master craftsmanship with which they were executed. The efforts of Mrs. Cox and Miss Hughes made these exhibits possible.

The winter term, a period of little color in Maryland, prompted Mrs. Cox to request the four Sixes who are art majors to construct a showcase for her, designed to bring color, and with it, joy into the lives of the gray clad students. Using red as the dominant color, Mexican rice waters, dried flowers, the hem of a petticoat, and a stone, placed against a background of red paper brightened the entrance to study hall. For three weeks objects were added; then came the transition, as a bunch of green grapes was inserted. Several days later, green paper, incense, and jewelry transformed the red impression. Within the week, green ruled supreme. As an interesting experiment in color and texture harmony, the showcase was very instructive for the art students, while it stimulated the imagination of the rest of the student body.

Returning from spring vacation on April 4th, we were greeted by a festive Guatemalan textile exhibit in the Fowler House showcase. The brilliant patterns of women's and children's clothing veritably reveled against a fiery purple background. Shuttles and bobbins used in weaving, raw cotton from a Guatemalan market place,

and a photograph of an Indian woman sitting at a backstrap loom allows the onlooking student a deeper understanding of the production of the vivid textiles.

Jonas Fendell, a Pikesville artist, gave the art students demonstrations of printing on the first two Mondays of the spring term. He explained briefly and successfully several simple methods; one of which involved the use of wood block prints, the other the use of an inked roller over a stencil. Several posters were completed which were the result of drawing on the clear side of an inked paper in such a way that the figure became impressed upon another underlying clean sheet of paper. Mr. Fendell's stressing the importance of creative innovation was his most helpful contribution.

The Threes, under the guidance of Mrs. Cox, constructed a large stained glass window which they presented to the whole school as a long-wondered-about-surprise on Easter morning. Working energetically, they painted a large benevolent angel on clear cellophane with brilliant inks. The result, when displayed in a specially prepared case with lights in back of it, did indeed resemble an inspiring cathedral window.

Mrs. Cox, indefatigable renter of modern pictures to enhance our walls, has recently acquired two new ones. They arrest the eye of the unsuspecting visitor to the Carter House living room. One is a subtle abstract, reminiscent of boats on the sea; the other, a collage which in its sensitive presentation of textures and light and dark contrasts suggests an Arab slum broiling in the noon sun. At any rate, much controversy has arisen as to their meaning and desirability—one spectator was moved to remark, "The best thing about those pictures is that you can hang them up any way 'round."

LECTURE ON CHINA

Mrs. Donald C. Wilson, who came to speak to us on April 5th, proved to have a remarkable fund of information concerning China, where she and her family had lived for several years. She showed us brilliant slides of that vast country which included breath-taking glimpses of rare flowers, fertile rice paddies, and the beautiful Yangtze River. There were also excellent pictures of Chinese art.

Changing abruptly to modern China, she showed us the effects of the industrial revolution. Tractors, steel mills, and noisy machines, shaking the sleeping beauty of the country side, were to be seen. Last of all there were pictures of the British Embassy littered with signs and papers after an anti-British and anti-American demonstration.

We found Mrs. Wilson's lecture to be unusually interesting and informative, so much so that we hope she may return for an encore.

WORDS TO DESCRIBE THE ANNAPOLIS DANCE

I. Preparation
   a. Exhaustive
   b. Result—"I just look like an absolute hag."
II. The trip
   a. Scenic
   b. Nerve-racking
III. First impressions
   a. Girls
      1. Too beautiful
      2. Too sophisticated
   b. Boys
      1. So many
      2. No hair
IV. The dance
   a. Huge
   b. The conversation, "Let me see now, if that gun's pointing north, I must be . . ."
V. Aftermath
   a. "Well at least he didn't talk about guns . . ."
   b. Letters postmarked Annapolis
   c. "When's the next dance?"

A POET LECTURES

On Friday, April 9th, the well-known poet, Paul Engel, entertained the students with a lecture dealing for the most part with contemporary poetry. He began by explaining the origins of poetry, traced its history briefly, and read some of his own poems to illustrate various poetical concepts. He then answered questions, even attempting to explain the current and controversial "beat poetry". Mr. Engel returned to the school the following morning and very generously discussed individual problems that our own poets presented to him.

TALENT SHOW

Les Voyages du Petit Prince, Miss Colquitt's adaptation from Antoine de St. Exupéry, was performed admirably by the more eloquent French students as the main feature of the Self-Government Board sponsored talent show. The play was followed by a variety of skits which exhibited many hitherto hidden abilities. Prizes were awarded, the first prize going to Bindy Keyser, who sang *I Never Will Marry* and *Blue Beard;* the "most hilarious" to Jennifer Rowe, Alston Walker, Mary Terrell, and Rossy Reed for *I Love Little Willy;* Patty Hurlbut and Sally Derby received a prize by popular demand; and the booby prize went to Betsey Pinckney, Karen Bahnson, Pixie Eaves, Wendy Urschel, and Lanse Rowan for their rendition of *Peter Cottontail.* Mrs. Schroeder and Miss Bement also won awards—their professional performances showing another facet of the faculty's multilateral personalities.

TAKE-OFFS

On Friday, April 22nd, we climbed the stairs of the Music-Drama building, anxiously awaiting "Take-offs—1960." Before we knew it, we were off to "sunny Eetali" for the summer Olympics, heralded in by the torch bearer, Isobel Hayes. Soon, the Fives were charming the Sixes with their amusing performance. The moderators, Betsey Pinckney and Phyllis Denny, hopped around on a Vespa. We went to the Villa di Keyser with Bindy (Patsy Brawley), Cynthia Schmidt (Missy Hutchins), Sandra Rowe (Cornie Gerry), Sally Derby (Debbie Pease) and Ellen Paul (Margot Camp) to hear about the water shortage. This dirge was accomplished by our beatniks on the bongos. After each Six had been adroitly made fun of by an aspiring Five, all the Fives joined together in their song to the Sixes, *It'll be Difficult to be Different Like You.* In response, the Sixes bid us remember that their coming back was predicted.

THE ST. ANDREW'S DANCE

The Assembly Room was transformed overnight into a moonlit Japanese garden filled with flowers dancing in the April breeze. Laughing couples danced on the terrace or watched the Northern Lights spread across the valley. It was evident from the very beginning that this evening would far surpass in every way that of two years ago when the winter's worst storm smothered the dance.

On this occasion, the couples whirled to Rivers Chambers' music, clapped in time to the short jam session, and laughed at the band's rendition of *Bill Bailey.*

Through the efforts of Mrs. Schroeder and the dance committee, Carter House looked its festive best, as our guests arrived promptly at seven o'clock. A buffet supper, the dance, and a late snack were the order of the evening. As the girls climbed somewhat wearily into bed, many conjectures were overheard as to what Tuesday's mail might contain.

FATHER'S DAY

On Saturday, May seventh, the denizens of St. Timothy's heralded the invasion of forty-four fathers. Each daughter sallied forth and seized her parent, whisking him inside for coffee and doughnuts so that he would be equal to the morning's activities—making the rounds of classrooms and consulting with each of his daughter's teachers in order to understand more fully the academic curriculum. Just before picnicking on the grass, fathers and daughters gathered on the terrace to commemorate the event on film. Quickly changing into more casual attire, the group arranged themselves on the tennis courts and on the baseball diamond, where our spritely sires allowed themselves (we think) to be defeated by us. A large cheering section accompanied these pursuits. The ensuing entertainment presented by Choir, Sextette, and Choral, as well as by the dance group, proved a welcome and delightful respite in the day's activities. By six o'clock, the fathers escorting their daughters and their daughters' friends set off for an evening of dining, and in some cases even dancing, still exhilarated from such a successful and amusing day.

OUR TOWN

On Saturday evening, April 30th, the Dramatic Club presented Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. A talented cast, well directed, and supported solely by lights and sound effects, achieved a moving and dignified evening of theatre. The enthusiasm of the audience gave full recognition to the time and effort spent by every participant.

The cast included among others Diana Walker, Nancy Rowe, Debbie Pease, Becky Eckfeldt, Connie Tenney, Robin Rees, Mary Dickerman, Margo Humphrey, and Betsey Pinckney. The versatility required of Diana as Emily, and to a lesser extent, of Robin as Mrs. Gibbs, was a challenge which they met with competence. Our congratulations to all those who contributed to its success!

Left to right: Connie Tenney, Clifton Lingo, Becky Eckfeldt, Lawrie Ryerson, Dabney Harfst, Robin Reese, Mary Terrell, Lynn Johnson, Diana Walker.

SPIDER TEAM

Left to right, front row: Lanse Rowan, Patty Hurlbut (Captain), Gigi Sherrill.
Middle row: Cornie Gerry, Wendy Wadsworth, Margo Langenberg.
Back row: Misty Stouffer, Mary Dickerman, Laine Dickerman.

BROWNIE TEAM

Left to right, front row: Eddie Ducey, Margaret Thouron (Captain), Lin Johnston.
Middle row: Priscilla Bacon, Nancy Hollingsworth, Toddy Callaway.
Back row: Debby Pease, Sandra Rowe, Nancy Rowe.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL VARSITY—1960

Forwards
Lisa Bailey, Captain
Lanse Rowan
Patty Hurlbut

Guards
Laine Dickerman
Nancy Rowe
Phyllis Denny

Substitutes
Priscilla Bacon, Manager
Jennifer Rowe
Cornie Geny
Margo Langenberg
Margaret Thouron
Debby Pease

HANNAH MORE SCHOOL *February 5*

That gloomy Friday afternoon turned out to be much gayer than anyone had expected when the team won their first game of the season by a victory of 45 to 32. The Hannah More team started in the center, but an interception by Nancy Rowe made it possible to get the ball down to our forwards. Lanse Rowan then made the first basket for us. From this point on our agile forwards continued to score numerous baskets for us, among which were five exceptionally beautiful long field shots completed by Captain Lisa Bailey. Lanse and Patty Hurlbut also accounted for many points with their fine lay-up shots.

The well-timed passing and good jumping for rebounds on the part of our guards kept the ball at our end almost continually. Debby Pease aided our defensive force in her several successful efforts to tag the ball.

In the second half, the Hannah More team started to pick up and began to score more frequently. But our team had just as much energy as before and continued to play vigorously with the help of Margaret Thouron who replaced Patty Hurlbut in the third quarter. Extra points were added to our favor by the accurate free shots that our forwards undertook.

BRYN MAWR SCHOOL *February 19*

The game began in the beautiful new gymnasium of the Bryn Mawr School. Patty Hurlbut made the first successful shot, but after this the rest of the first quarter was in favor of our opponents. In the second quarter, however, the team seemed to gain renewed energy and began, therefore, to even out the score. Lanse Rowan with her accurate and well timed shooting succeeded in gaining about ten points for us in this quarter.

In the third half of the game, the team played with extraordinary vim and vigor and displayed excellent teamwork. One terrific shot was made by Lisa Bailey, and Patty Hurlbut's accurate shooting put us ahead of Bryn Mawr. What with a silver trophy cup at stake, the audience was silent with tenseness.

In our defensive court, the guards succeeded in warding off many of our oponents shots. The fact that Nancy Rowe was playing center guard for the first time did not seem to hinder her in the least. Nor did Priscilla Bacon show any qualms about it being her first varsity basketball game.

The last quarter was one of great suspense. An opposing forward scored two points, putting Bryn Mawr in the lead. Then on a foul shot Bryn Mawr scored one more point, leaving the final score 35-38 in their favor.

ROLAND PARK SCHOOL *February 12*

Our second game of the season was also played away from St. Tim's at the Roland Park School. The first quarter got under way with Lanse Rowan making three very well executed shots. Nevertheless, Roland Park took the lead from the very beginning and kept it until the end. Although our forwards were excellent in faking and passing, they were just not up to their usual shooting ability.

Our guards played a hard fought game; their intercepting was good, particularly on the part of Nancy Rowe. We were sorry to see two valuable players foul out in the final quarters, Phyllis Denny and Debby Pease. Their replacements, however, proved strong defense for the few minutes that were left of the game. They were Priscilla Bacon and Jennifer Rowe.

On the whole, our team never seemed to gain its usual drive and accuracy, and so the final score ended up in favor of our opponents, 34-50.

OLDFIELDS *February 26*

For the first time this season, the basketball game was played at St. Tim's. Also for the first time, the team was without its captain because she had sprained her ankle during a practice session. Replacing her was Margaret Thouron, who played a very fine game.

In the first quarter, the points went first to one side, then the other. A spectacular play was executed when Laine Dickerman threw a long, straight pass to Patty Hurlbut, who upon receiving it performed a quick hook shot right into the basket. With two successful shots by Margaret Thouron, the first quarter ended in our favor, 13-11.

The forwards kept up their good work into the second

quarter, aided by our guards. Phyllis Denny helped to keep the ball with our team by making good, accurate passes and by intercepting the ball often.

Renewed by our violent cheerleaders, St. Tim's plugged on into the third quarter. Extra energy was needed as the Oldfields forwards had begun to pick up. In the beginning of the final quarter, Oldfields managed to catch up with us; the score was 31-31. Again the game was a series of volleys between the two opposing teams. With a shot by Lanse Rowan, St. Tim's tied with Oldfields, 35-35. A shot by Patty Hurlbut put us ahead by 37-35. Another shot by Oldfields and the score was tied again, 37-37. At the very end, Lanse Rowan shot again, and St. Tim's was ahead by 40-38. Then an Oldfields forward succeeded in scoring two more points just before the hour blew, and the final score became 40-40.

GARRISON FOREST *March 7*

The most outstanding feature of the Garrison Forest team was the tall guards. Yet throughout the first quarter, the St. Tim's forwards did not let this hinder them. Right away, Lisa Bailey made a terrific shot, followed by an equally remarkable one by Lanse Rowan. At the end of the first period, St. Tim's was on the winning side by a score of 13-10.

In the second quarter, Margaret Thouron came in for Lisa, whose ankle was still somewhat weak from its sprain several weeks before. Our forwards made one more shot, and then Garrison Forest began to take the lead. By the end of this period our opponents were ahead by two points.

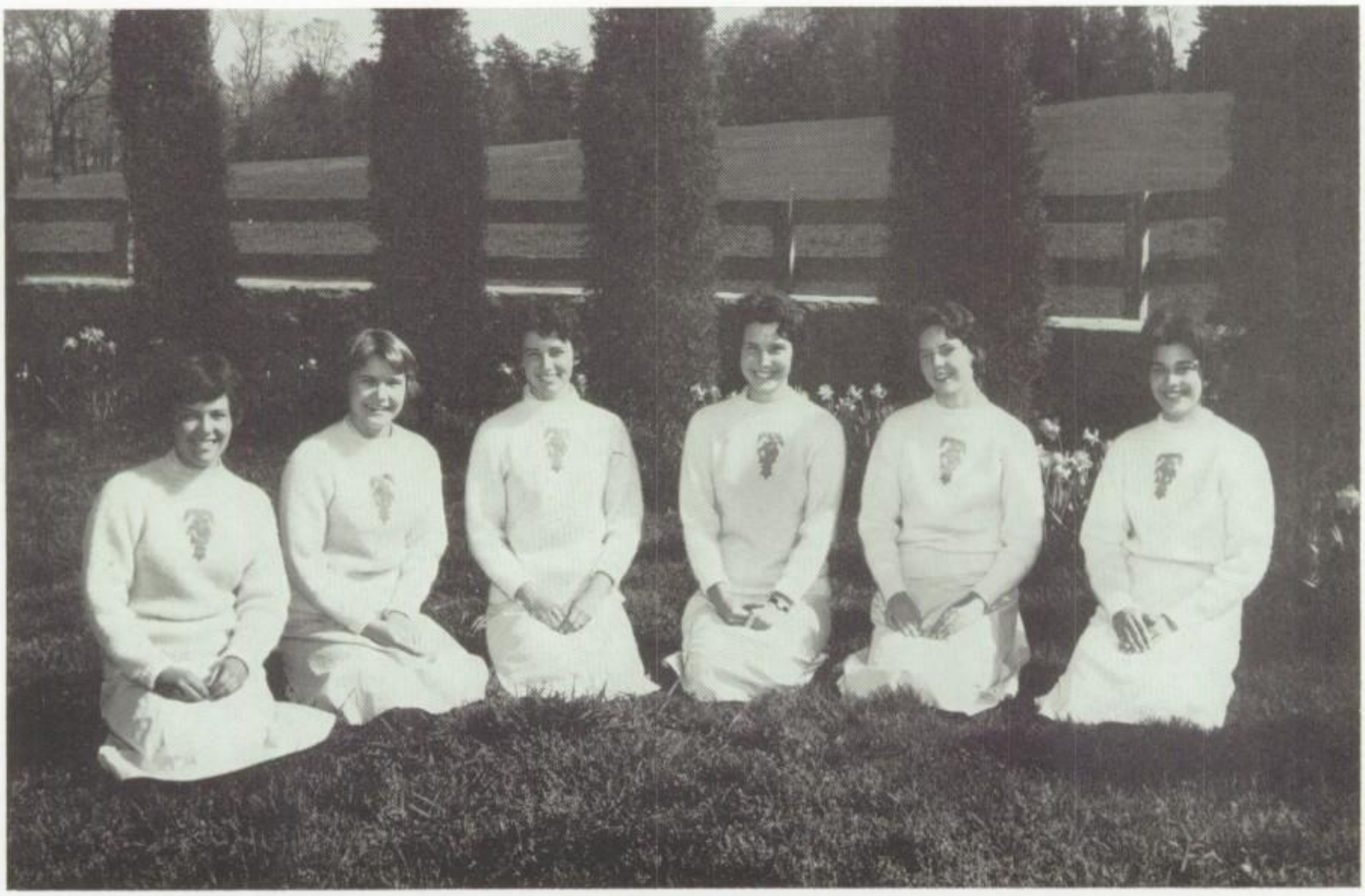
In the middle of the third quarter, Margo Langenberg came in for Margaret Thouron. Margo's quickness helped to discourage her guard and enabled her to get the ball to Lanse, who scored five points in the last quarter. But in the final outcome, Garrison Forest won by 41-24.

TENNIS

The tennis team, captained by Margaret Thouron, got off to a very good start this season. We played against Roland Park on April 14th and won each of our matches save one. Isobel Hayes proved to be a steady player in her singles match that day. On April 22nd, playing against the Bryn Mawr school, we were entirely victorious. Hopes are high for the remaining matches of the season.

RIDING

Our first contest this term was at the PHA schooling show on April 24th. Jane Hamill, riding Limbo in the Green Hunter Hack, won this class and then hacked against a Mrs. Fenwick to win the Green Hunter Championship. We still have three more shows to participate in this spring: on May 8th, May 14th, and then on May 20th the show held at Saint Timothy's. Here's hoping for continued success!



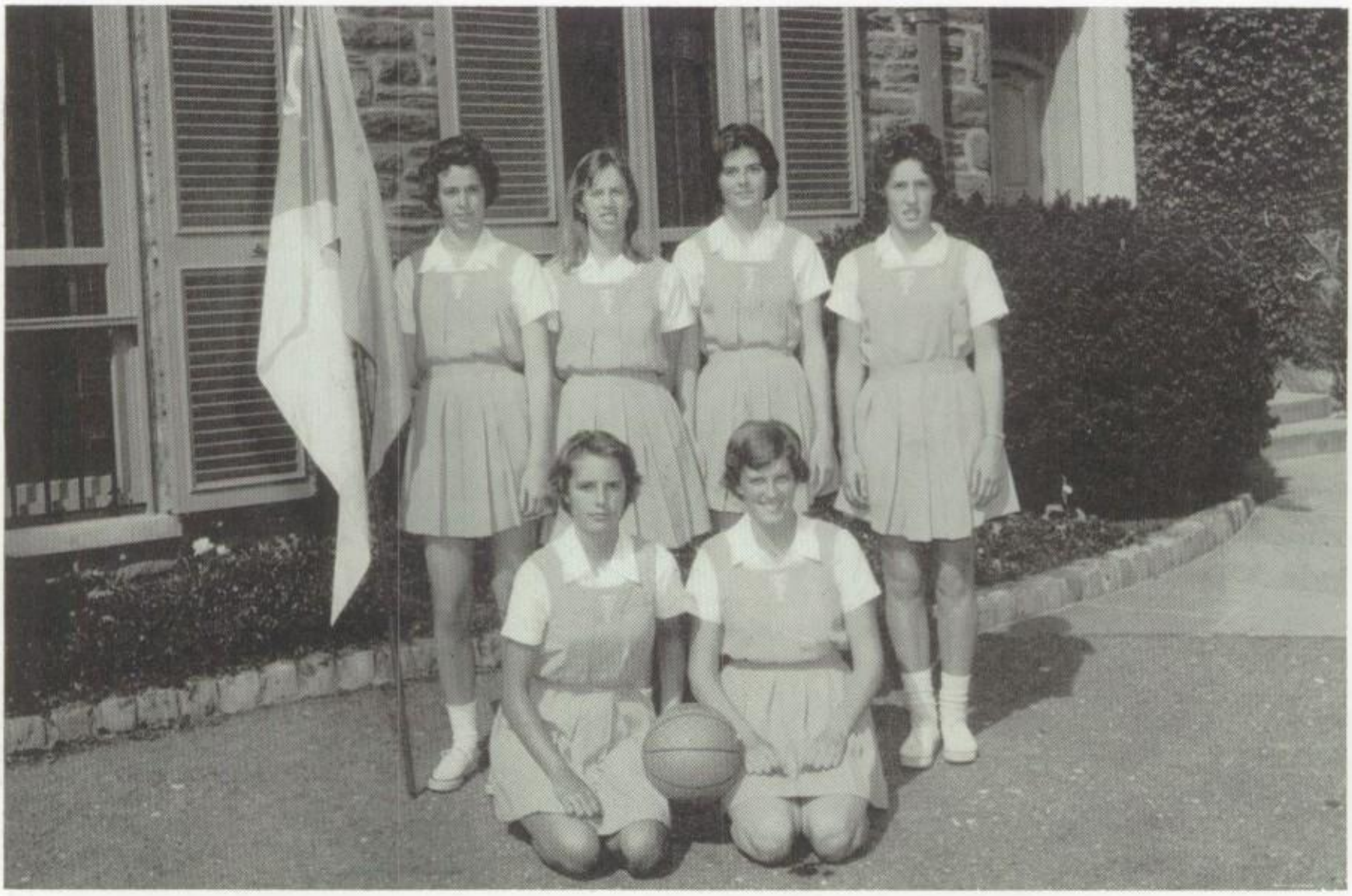
CHEERLEADERS

Left to right: Key Watts (Head), Alston Walker, Pixie Eaves, Wendy Urschel, Margo Langenberg. Betsey Pinckney.

HOCKEY VARSITY

Left to right, front row: Patty Hurlbut, Priscilla Bacon, Becky Eckfeldt, Lowell Belin (Captain), Jennie Hornblower, Toddy Callaway.

Back row: Margaret Thouron, Lanse Rowan, Susan Clark, Mary Dickerman, Laine Dickerman, Cornie Gerry.



BASKETBALL VARSITY

Left to right, front row: Lisa Bailey (Captain), Lanse Rowan.

Back row: Phyllis Denny, Laine Dickerman, Nancy Rowe, Patty Hurlbut.

RIDING CLUB

Left to right, front row: Sybil Miller, Jane Hamill.
Back row: Margo Humphrey (Head), Linda Clark, Sarah West, Jean Gibb, Karin Myrin.

TENNIS TEAM

Left to right, front row: Cornie Gerry, Margaret Thouron (Captain), Lin Johnston.
Back row: Pixie Eaves, Marilee Eaves, Isobel Hayes, Gigi Sherrill, Lisa Bailey.

DRAMATIC CLUB AND STAGE CREW

Left to right, front row: Mary Lee Skinner, Nancy Johannsen, Ellen Brown, Tyler Wilbur, Ann Hickok, Jane Hamill, Nancy Hollingsworth.

Second row: Nancy Rich, Tara Butler, Becky Laughlin, Muffie Brown, Louise Oates, Kathy Sanger, Margot Camp Marilee Eaves (Head of Stage Crew), Margot Head, Laine Dickerman, Pixie Eaves, Judy Evans, Tappy Lynn, Bindy Keyser, Sarah West.

Third row: Kathy Record, Robbin Blaine, Pam Tenney, Cynthia Schmidt, Betsey Pinckney, Lynn Johnson, Cynthia Johnson, Becky Eckfeldt, Clifton Lingo, Mary Terrell, Sandra Clark, Robin Rees, Wendy Urschel, Dabney Harfst, Connie Tenney, Diana Walker (Head of Dramatic Club).

Top steps: Martha Hatch, Liz Wood, Mary Dickerman, Nancy Rowe, Priscilla Bacon, Debby Pease, Margo Humphrey, Lawrie Ryerson, Susan Clark.

Missing: Holly Houghton.

CHORAL AND CHOIR

Left to right, front row: Jane Hamill, Margot Camp, Ethel Ryerson, Sarah West, Joan Russell, Muffie Brown, Martha Hatch, Lea Carson, Karen Bahnson, Les Borland, Betsey Pinckney, Toddy Callaway, Deedee Swasey.
Back row: Robbin Blaine, Joan Fleischmann, Kathy Record, Missy Hutchins, Julie Patterson, Isobel Hayes, Lanse Rowan, Patsy Brawley, Eddie Ducey, Darcy Fisher, Virginia Hunton, Debby Pease, Molly Earle, Phyllis Denny, Bebe Taylor, Edith Gwathmey, Pixie Eaves, Robin Rees, Wendy Urschel, Vickie Wesson, Lin Johnston, Page Garrity.
Missing: Cornie Gerry.

CLASS FIVE

Left to right, front row: Alston Walker, Les Borland, Muffie Brown, Ethel Ryerson, Clifton Lingo, Lynn Johnson, Nancy Hollingsworth, Mary Dickerman, Pam Tenney, Sandra Clark, Martha Hatch, Ellen Brown, Toddy Callaway, Wendy Coppedge.

Middle Row: Louise Hatch, Tara Butler, Louise Oates, Nancy Rich, Estelle Magowan, Rossie Reed, Dabney Harfst, Jennifer Rowe, Margot Head, Joan Fleischmann, Martha Steele, Mimi Hare, Missy Hutchins, Molly Earle, Connie Belin, Lisa Bailey, Sally Derby.

Back Row: Bari Kenly, Meg Libby, Nancy Rowe, Jennie Hornblower, Jane Hamill, Lawrie Ryerson, Chrissy Curtis, Lowell Belin, Monty Watikns, Becky Eckfeldt, Avery Poor, Bindy Keyser (Head of Choral), Susan Clark, Mrs. Shipley, Patty Hurlbut, Cynthia Johnson (Head of Choir), Kathy Sanger, Key Watts, Sybil Miller, Lin Johnston, Misty Stouffer Patsy Brawley, Eddie Ducey, Julie Patterson.

Missing: Edith Gwathmey.

CLASS FOUR

Left to right, front row: Wendy McCreath, Mary Terrell, Sybil Miller, Chrissy Curtis, Wendy Wadsworth, Cornie Biddle, Lynn Johnson, Margot Head, Rossie Reed, Margo Langenberg.

Second row: Ann Hickok, Carlile Lowery, Cynthia Martin, Bari Kenly, Sandra Clark, Jennie Hornblower, Nancy Rich, Linda Clark, Monty Watkins.

Third row: Wendy Coppedge, Lee Post, Susan Clark, Martha Steele, Gigi Sherrill, Dabney Harfst, Laine Dickerman, Alston Walker.

Standing: Becky Laughlin, Connie Belin, Miim Hare, Cindy Pierce, Pam Tenney, Jennifer Rowe, Alice Taylor, Lysa Leland, Avery Poor, Lynn Hurlbut, Jean Gibb.

CURRENT EVENTS BOARD

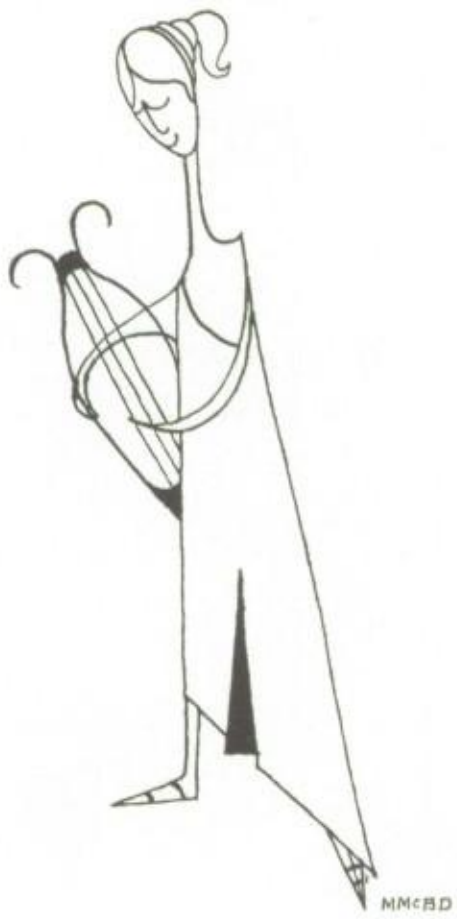
Left to right, seated: Polly Walker, Betsey Pinckney, Pixie Eaves, Priscilla Bacon (Head), Tappy Lynn, Missy Hutchins, Nancy Rowe.
Standing: Molly Earle, Avery Poor.

SEXTET

Left to right: Kathy Sanger, Lawrie Ryerson, Misty Stouffer (Head), Bindy Keyser, Jane Hamill, Cynthia Johnson.

CLASS THREE

Left to right, front row: Tara Butler, Mary Howie, Nancy Ryerson, Gilpin Oliver, Holly Houghton.
Back row: Estelle Magowan, Liz Wood, Teresa Metcalf, Louise Oates, Alexandra Moltke, Wylie O'Hara, Louise Hatch, Clifton Lingo.



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had we—

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SOCIETY

Dear Lowell,
you have been great on self-gov this year and have certainly been patient with all the noise on the First Floor of Heath House!
Good luck at college and try not to hurt your leg any more - It has had enough!
Love,
Mary Terrell

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the Class of 1960
and the
bright part they will play
in shaping
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likes book I am dumb
founded but have a
blast at college and
see you at Manchester-
poor Connie seeing me any
more.
Connie sends you a
slob and I'm adding
it left left room —
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Love
Wendy

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Tillie

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TO

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FROM

A DADDY IN THE MIDDLE

CHAPTER TWO

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My violets are through

I'm going to bed

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The BLACK POINT INN is on the ocean's edge at Prout's Neck, Maine, 7 miles south of Portland. It is easy to reach by auto, air, or rail. We are proud of our reputation for over 30 years for outstanding food and service. 80 rooms all with bath at American Plan rates. Open from mid-June to mid-September, we also can make special arrangements for convention groups before and after this season.

For our illustrated booklet in color, write to

Ross W. Thompson, General Manager

BLACK POINT INN

Prout's Neck, Maine

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BROWNIES

"From a friend of

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Dear Lowell,

'Fraid I've run out
of witty little poems so
I'll just have to say it
was fab being your new
girl, although I was a failure
at church escapades. You
didn't miss much I assure
you. In any spare moments,
remember me as the "weakling"

Thanx for a great year

Tara

Dear Lowell,
Since all I really know of your business at nite = (nuckles dragging floor -) I don't think could say much to you a prayer but I'll just
Hallelujah

Dear Lowell, so sorry to know this
so sorry to know this
you are leaving us. I hope you think enough
year. I hope you think enough
of us to go on the patient visiting you have the first
doesn't go on sat. you have the first
being very "H.H." visiting you have a day or
been very "H.H." visiting you have a day or
especially Wellesley and in all the years to
especially Wellesley and in all the years to
come. Love, Mary Howe
and Tom at Howe, Mary Howe
come. Tom at Howe, Mary Howe